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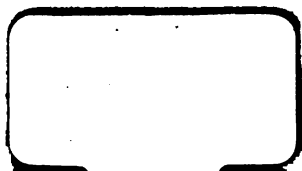
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d. 64.



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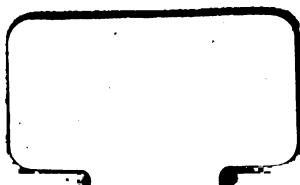
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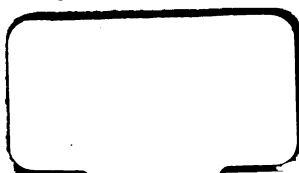
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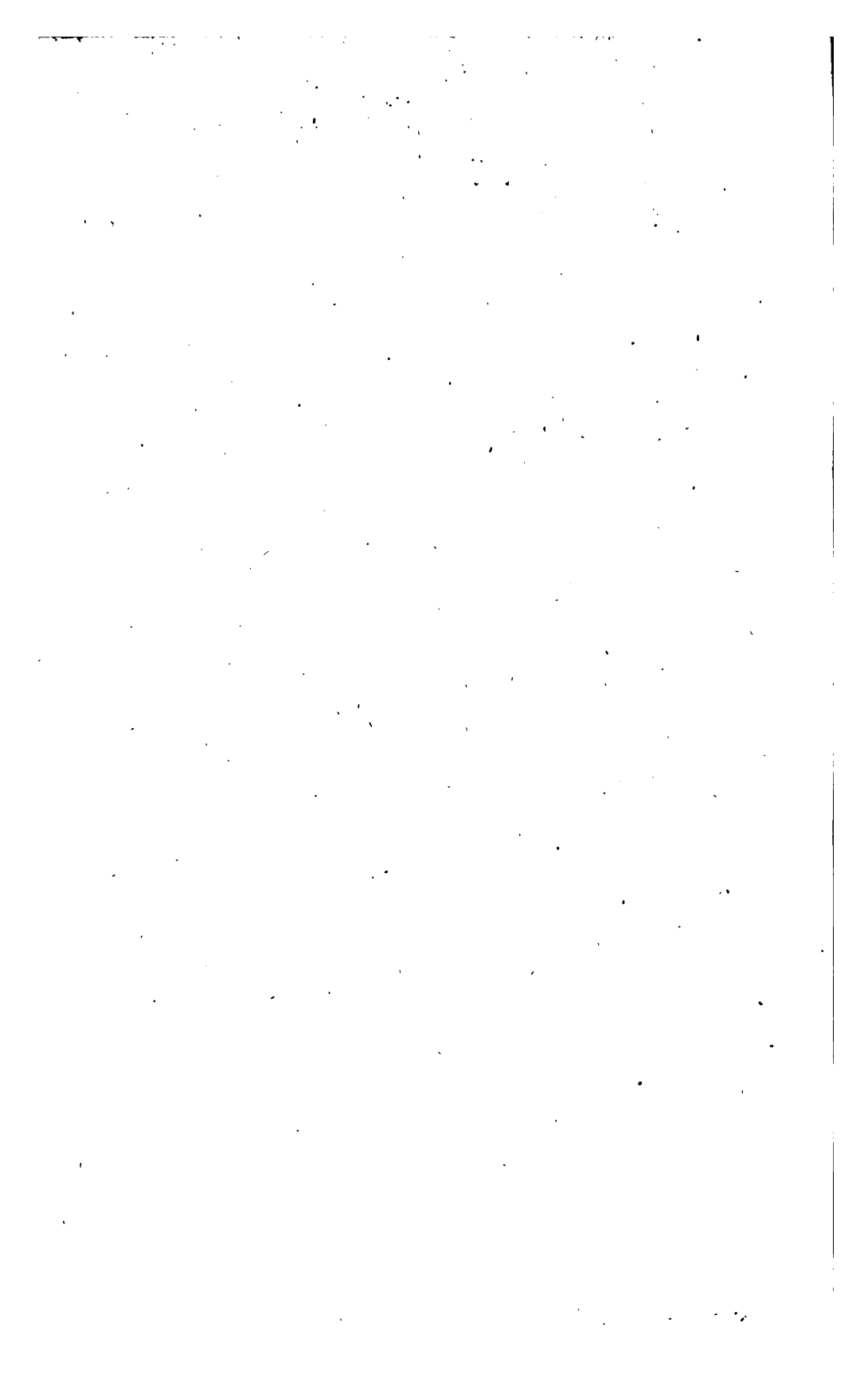
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# IMITATIONS

OF

JUVENAL AND PERSIUS.

BY

THOMAS NEVILE, A. M.

Fellow of JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. WOODYER, in Cambridge :

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Pall-mall; T. CADELL, in the Strand; M. HINGESTON  
and W. BROWN, without Temple-Bar.

MDCCLXIX.

THE [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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## P R E F A C E.

THE following Imitations complete my design of familiarizing to the young Reader the Roman Satire, consistently with my more immediate aim of delineating present manners. These are not accompanied, as the former, with the text entire: the unequal character of the Originals seems to demand this distinction: for surely nothing but an undiscerning zeal for Antiquity can rank these two Satirists among the models of correct Composition; the metaphorical disorder, the pedantic conciseness of the one, and the declamatory looseness of the other, being, one would think, too glaring to escape the sober and intelligent Critic. Not that they are by any

means to be put in the same class: the first appears to have had most in his eye the great Master that preceded; but by reason of an imagination not enough subservient to the rules of art, and a scrupulous attachment to a prudish Philosophy little favourable to the graceful freedom of satiric expression, he made a very imperfect use of so exquisite a model. I forbear [to enlarge upon their other anomalies so grossly injurious to the sublime moral they would inculcate. The sense of the indecent prejudices imbibed by some of the more early Restorers of polite literature is sufficient to justify all our fears in our dealings with Youth, and teach us to be nicely observant through what channels we convey instruction to tender minds.

Of the Moderns none perhaps more deserves the attention of the Learner than our own Ethic Poet; who, in the delicate arts of method, the finer finishings of curious expression,

expression, and a peculiar felicity, that reconciles dignity and ease, is without a Rival the first of his School.

THE application of Poetry to the purpose of moral improvement is agreeable to the opinion and practice of the most judicious in elder Greece: Οἱ παλαιοὶ (to speak in the words of the wise Geographer) ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΙΑΝ τινὰ λίγας ΠΡΩΤΗΝ ΤΗΝ ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΝ, εἰσάγεσαν εἰς τὸν βίον ἡμᾶς ΕΚ ΝΕΩΝ, καὶ διδάσκουσιν ἴθι, καὶ πάθη, καὶ πράξεις, ΜΕΘ' ἩΔΟΝΗΣ.

C O N-



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THE

IMITATIONS

OF

JUVENAL.



## S A T I R E

## VII.

**D**ROOP not, ye Wits ! one comfort still re-  
mains ;

What would ye more ? a new AUGUSTUS reigns.  
No longer now with fripp'ry fetch'd from France  
Piece flimzy farces, or eke out Romance ;  
Nor sigh in silence o'er the Tragic page, 5  
Slash'd by some sportive Tyrant of the Stage.  
Yet better sure to list in ROSCIUS' pay,  
Than in the cause of vice to tune the lay ;

---

VER. 1.]

Et spes, & ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum.  
Solus enim tristes hac tempestate Camenas  
Respexit.

A 2

With

With luscious tales to sooth PERISSA's ear;  
 In pert, low, ribald style at genius sneer; 10  
 From daring Deists impious trash to steal,  
 Or turn a party-scribler for a meal.  
 But now not one of all the raptur'd race,  
 Who gives to eloquence a measur'd grace,  
 Driv'n by distress shall make mean arts his care, 15  
 Or the Dependant's badge ignobly wear:  
 Rise then! with generous emulation rise!  
 And from a Monarch's hand receive the prize;  
 And blush, the foremost of the vain and vile,  
 Of peers and peeresses to court the smile. 20  
 Thrive? and by verse?—Should ev'ry Muse inspire  
 Some favour'd Bard with more than SHAKESPEAR's  
 fire,  
 The wealthy ones of these discerning days  
 Would kindly leave him poverty and praise.

---

VER. 13.]

Nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem  
 Cogetur posthac, nec sit quicumque canoris  
 Eloquium vocale modis, laurumque momordit.  
 Hoc agite, O Juvenes! circumspicit, & stimulat vos,  
 Materiamque sibi ducis indulgentia querit.

O ye!

O ye! who, dazzled by a name's fair boast      25  
 Glist'ring in capitals on rubric post,  
 Build in low tenement the lofty rhyme,  
 Deluded fools! hear Wisdom's voice betime;  
 Your reams of fustian to the grocer's take,  
 Or one bright sacrifice to VULCAN make.      30  
 Think, while each better business you delay,  
 Life's stream unprofitably glides away;  
 Poets, and poetry provoke your spleen,  
 And tuneful, friendless fixty shuts the scene.  
 Yet why should Wits a patron wish to find,      35  
 If Lords affect to recompence in kind?  
 Critics from flatter'd MOLO pensions seek;  
 For loss of time he gives them Attic Greek:  
 While the pale pedant for a dinner dies,  
 MOLO with manuscripts regales his eyes.      40

---

VER. 31.]

——— Sed defluit ætas  
 Et pelagi patiens, & cassidis atque ligonis.  
 Tædia nunc subeunt animos; tunc seque suamque  
 Terpsichoren odit sacunda & nuda senectus.

VER. 35.]

Accipe nunc artes, ne quid tibi conferat iste  
 Quem colis.

A 3

Bug

But see ! where, hail'd MÆCENAS of the land;  
 ARISTO round him calls the learned band :  
 At him each son of PHOEBUS points his quill ;  
 Silent and soft the dews of praise distill ;  
 Merit unheeded acts the decent part ; 45  
 Some Duncè of Faction has ARISTO's heart.  
 Hard lot ! but when would poets warning take ?  
 Still fruitless furrows on the sand they make :  
 Strive they to quit their task ? they strive in vain ;  
 Imperious Habit holds them in her chain : 50  
 Thousands this desp'rate rhyming rage holds fast,  
 And lords it o'er the wretches to the last.  
 The poet, who would plan the perfect page,  
 Above the themes that touch a trivial age,  
 He, who the lights of Athens would restore, 55  
 Or on the wings of PINDAR pants to soar,

---

VER. 47.]

Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuique in pulvere sulcos  
 Ducimus, & litus sterili versamus aratro.  
 Nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi  
 Consuetudo mali ; tenet insanabile multos  
 Scribendi cacoëthes, & ægro in corde senescit.

VER. 53.]

Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,  
 Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere. —

Foe.

Foe to all strife, impatient of chagrin,  
 Unruffled seeks the still sequester'd scene.  
 Say ! to what purpose drinks he of the streams,  
 That fill the fancy with inspiring dreams, 60  
 If in that hour, when richest raptures roll,  
 The pinch of poverty benum his soul ?  
 For a day's meal had MILTON felt a fear,  
 URANIA's voice had vainly reach'd his ear ; 64  
 Thro' Night's dark desert the Fiend ne'er had stray'd,  
 Nor earth-rent mountains cast their horrid shade.  
 POPE liv'd, and throve, when first in moral trance  
 He saw before him Truth's bright form advance :  
 Snatch'd from the croud on Contemplation's wings  
 He look'd with pity on the pride of Kings : 70

*Axiestate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi  
 Impatiens, cupidus sylvarum, aptusque bibendis  
 Fontibus Aonidum. Neque enim cantare sub an thro  
 Pierio, thyrsusque potest contingere sana  
 Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte, dieque  
 Corpus eget.*

VER. 67, LIV'D and THROVE.]

" But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive."

MR. POPE.



Then to his ear pale Virtue wail'd her woes ;  
 Then to his eye old England's Genius rose.  
 To DRYDEN who all Pindus could refuse,  
 Had Fortune smil'd propitious as his Muse ?  
 The Peer, who squander'd thousands on his whore,  
 Unmov'd could see his fav'rite Poet poor,        76  
 Leave him with politics to blot his bays,  
 Rank panegyrics, and patcht smutty plays.  
 WALLER at ease might weave the learned line,  
 Or COWLEY wildly wanton with the Nine ;        80  
 Yet to the needy Many Art how vain,  
 If glory, empty glory, be the gain ?  
 Rise, patriot Bard ! invoke the moral Muse ;  
 To mend the times exert thy honest views ;  
 Or, Britain's fame in loftiest song to grace,        85  
 Call forth some Hero of Dardanian race :

---

VER. 75.]

Non habet infelix Numitor, quod mittat amico,  
 Quintillæ quod donet habet.

VER. 79.]

Contentus fama jaceat Lucanus in hortis  
 Marmoreis : at Sarrano, tenuique Saleio  
 Gloria quantalibet, quid erit, si gloria tantum est ?  
 Comforts

Comforts more solid one third night affords,  
 Than praise on Epic from a score of lords.  
 Who now will dangle at the great man's door ?  
 Alas! the SIDNEY's, SACKVILLES, are no more: 90  
 Wits once were priz'd; but now must be content  
 To sooth proud managers, or keep long Lent.

Ill-fated Bards! but sure more certain gains,  
 Ye sage Historians! wait your studious pains,  
 Condemn'd the tomes of RYMER to devour, 95  
 And feast on rotten records in the Tower.  
 Your cares, your costs, your vigils, need I tell ?  
 Page grows on page, on volumes volumes swell :  
 Shall not Patrician bounty shed her beam  
 On him, whose glory is his country's theme ? 100  
 The man of books for bustle ne'er was made,  
 A shy, mute thing, fit only for the shade.

VER. 87.

Quod non dant proceres, dabit Histrio. tu Camerinos,  
 Et Bareas, tu Nobilium magna atria euras ?  
 Quis tibi Mæcenas ? quis nunc erit aut Proculus ?  
 Tunc par ingenio pretium : nunc utile multis  
 Pallere, & vinum toto nescire Decembri.

VER. 93.]

Vester porro labor sæcundior, Historiarum  
 Scriptores !

Sed genus ignavum, tecto quod gaudet & umbra.

Then

Then happy they of ESCULAPIUS' train;  
 Who bow to HARVEY's bust in Warwic lane;  
 Scarce known a day, a minute to sit still,      105  
 Save, when the God of Med'cine guides their quill !  
 No porings, wan and wakeful, waste their hours ;  
 Wealth unimplor'd descends in copious show'rs.  
 Yet, to adorn one man, should Heav'n unite  
 SYD'NHAM's cool sense with RADCLIFFE's piercing  
                  fight,      110  
 With these all BOERHAAVE's learned stores com-  
                  bine,  
 For want of fees this prodigy would pine,  
 Did not an equipage his worth proclaim,  
 Or high-born bablers spread abroad his name.  
 Go, bold Divine ! uplift Religion's shield,      115  
 And rout the foe, that long has brav'd the field :  
 Go ! to the Church immortal trophies rear,  
 And wage her battles to thy sixtieth year ;  
 Thou then with some grave Bishop mayst find grace;  
 And gain at last a Vicar's needy place :      120  
 Or, should kind Fortune fix you in a stall,  
 On some State-bankrupt half your profits fall.

---

VER. 103.] The lines that follow, to li. 143, have no  
 reference to the text, which seems scarce susceptible of  
 an application.

Yet

Yet shall a simp'rer, that a court affords,  
 Whose brightest Classic is the look of Lords,  
 Some crimson'd Chaplain, whose deep learning lies  
 In all APICIUS was once known to prize, 126  
 Some Tool in crape, who each intriguing year  
 Deserts his God to serve his patron Peer,  
 Ere forty summers he can tell complete,  
 By just degrees ascend the sainted seat. 130  
 Ye Sages, who upheld the sacred cause,  
 Explain'd old doctrines, or enforc'd new laws,  
 Might ye again to earth your talents lend,  
 With all your labours you would want a friend;  
 Rust in a cell, or (harder still !) be sent 135  
 To some lean vicarage in the wilds of Kent.  
 When my Lord preaches, tinsel'd fools below  
 With gaping wonder catch the frothy flow;  
 Let \* \* boldly Heav'n's behests impart,  
 Skill'd to convince the head, or move the heart ;

---

VER. 124. Whose BRIGHTEST CLASSIC] Allusion  
 to the following passage taken from a letter of the ve-  
 nerable Bishop FIELD to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM :  
 " In the great library of men, that I have studied  
 " these many years, your Grace is the best book and  
 " most CLASSIC AUTHOR, that I have read." See  
 CABALA, p. 117.

Reason.

Reason and eloquence unnoted shine,  
That boast no radiance from St. James's shrine.

But mark yon structure, where thro' lungs of brass  
From morn to eve the rules of LILLY pass !  
Ah ill-starr'd drudge, fore-doom'd to prate and  
pore, 145

Stun'd with the same dull sing-song o'er and o'er !  
Is there, who feels not a fond father's joy  
To hear the pedant prattle of his boy ;  
To watch the wanton movements of a mind,  
Proud her unfolding energies to find ? 150

Punctual his debt of thanks each parent pays,  
But every other recompence delays.  
FAMONIO sees his hopeful sons prove fools,  
And damns at once all pedagogues and schools.  
Yet where's the fault, if learning's spark divine 155  
Thro' the thick lumpish clay refuse to shine ?

VER. 143.]

Declamare doces, O ferrea pectora Vetti,  
Cum perimit Sævos classis numerosa tyrannos ?  
Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.

VER. 153.]

culpa docentis

Scilicet arguitur, quod læva in parte mamillæ  
Nil salit Arcadico juveni.

Who

Who but must pity him, ty'd down to teach,  
 Day after day, the rudiments of speech,  
 With laws of verse, of prose, who stuffs his brain  
 By bit and bit to deal them out again;      160  
 To hear tall truants whine forth Attic Greek,  
 Or flatten TULLY's periods twice a week?  
 Grave Trifler! if your point be ease and bread,  
 No more with Rome and Athens vex your head;  
 Leave fancy'd fights; go! battle at Bengal;      165  
 Or wage the wordy war in RUFUS' hall;  
 So shall repose and affluence at last  
 (No thanks to Patrons) crown your labours past.  
 What sums are lavish'd on the pomp of life?  
 Deep grots are sunk to please a giddy wife;      170  
 Aspiring pyramids here catch our eyes;  
 There tipt with turrets pillar'd temples rise:

---

VER. 163.]

Ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra movebunt  
 Consilia, & vitæ diversum iter ingreditur,  
 Ad pugnam qui rhetorica descendit ab umbra.

VER. 169.]

Balnea sexcentis, & pluris porticus —  
 Parte alia longis Numidarum fulta columnis  
 Surgat, & algentem rapiat cœnatio solem.

On

On the dry rock in all her bloomy pride  
 Lur'd by large off'rings FLORA shall reside ;  
 Prudish POMONA here shall fix her seat, 175  
 And pour her treasures at the master's feet :  
 Artists to him shall flock from BOURBON's court ;  
 Rome shall for him her firen arts import,  
 Happy the man who trains his Lordship's heir !  
 A boundless bounty sure repays his care : 180  
 Princely in all beside, the prudent Peer  
 In this sole instance bargains by the year.  
 Not but some boast the favours of the Great ;  
 Bask, early bask, in warm prebendal state ;  
 Or, luckier lot ! as tho' by Heav'n's own call, 185  
 Close life's calm evening in the Prelate's stall.  
 What cannot Fortune in her frolics do ?  
 Fortune gives birth, gives beauty, courage too :

---

VER. 177.]

——— Veniet qui fercula docte  
 Componit ; veniet qui pulmentaria condit.  
 Hos inter sumptus festertia Quintiliano,  
 Ut multum, duo sufficient : res nulla minoris  
 Constat patri, quam filius.

VER. 187.]

——— Felix & pulcher & acer,  
 Felix & sapiens & nobilis. ———

In

In every earthly thing her sons excell ;  
 They dance, dispute ; they rhyme, speak, fiddle  
     well. 190  
 If she but bid, some strange reverse appears ;  
 Peers sink to jobbers, jobbers rise to peers ;  
 A bankrupt Chief pow'r's summit shall attain,  
 Then fall, and be a bankrupt once again.  
 Grant, to their wish the favour'd few succeed ; 195  
 Avails it to the many, left in need,  
 Who, worn and wan, with late repentance curst,  
 Think of all trades the Teacher's trade the worst ?  
 Great shades ! on whose cold clay may earth light lie,  
 And spring eternal breathing sweets supply, 200  
 Ye, who could hold the doctrine no disgrace,  
 That the Preceptor fill'd the Parent's place.

---

Felix orator quoque maximus, & jaculator.  
 Si Fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Consul ;  
 Si volet hæc eadem, fies de Consule Rhetor.  
 Servis regna dabunt, captivis Fata triumphos.

VER. 199.]

Dii ! majorum umbris tenuem & sine pondere terram,  
 Spirantesque crocos, & in urna perpetuum ver,  
 Qui Præceptorem sancti voluere parentis  
 Esse loco. —

Time



Time was, the Great, averſe to taunt or teafe,  
 Knew the rare art to make dependance pleaſe,  
 Without the Patron's pride profeſs regard, 205  
 And, without ſeeming to oblige, reward.  
 Then were no hints oblique of favours paſt ;  
 No tricks to bind th' expectant's chains more faſt !  
 Now is he ſure to loſe life's choiceſt years  
 In ſad viciffitude of hopes and fears. 210  
 And what advantage, if juſt half his pay  
 In fees, in bribes, melt leiſurely away ?  
 Or is ſome vacant benefice in view ?  
 Nibblers on nibblers, bonds on bonds enſue.  
 Yet where's the wit to grieve, while there remains  
 Something for all his piddlings, all his pains ? 216  
 So that he barter for clear gains his ware,  
 A ſmall abatement ſcarce deſerves his care.

---

VER. 211.]

————— Et tamen ex hoc  
 Discipuli cuſtos præmordet Accenitus ipſe,  
 Et qui diſpenſat frangit ſibi. cede, Palæmon,  
 Et patere inde aliquid decreſcere ; non aliter quam  
 Inſitor hybernæ tegetis.

Proceed,

Proceed, ye Great ! of Learning plead the cause,  
 Yet cramp poor pedagogues with strictest laws. 220  
 For you by day they toil, by night they pore;  
 For you Antiquity's dark depths explore;  
 On Metre's magic curious to refine,  
 Extract the warbled wonders from a line; 224  
 Trace noun and verb thro' all their winding ways;  
 And thrud of dialects the tangled maze:  
 For you, nice task ! exert a Sage's skill,  
 And mould the manners like mere wax at will;  
 Observant when to blame, or to commend,  
 And act the Censor, yet not sink the Friend, 230  
 This done, their suit from year to year delay'd,  
 They find some fav'rite footman better pay'd.

---

VER. 219 ]

— Sed vos sævas imponite leges,  
 Ut Præceptorum verborum regula constet;  
 Ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes.

VER. 227.

Exigite, ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,  
 Ut si quis cera vultum facit.

B

T H E



**T H E**

**THIRTEENTH SATIRE**

**I M I T A T E D.**

**B 2**



S A T I R E

XIII.

**L**ET knaves disguise their feelings, as they  
please,  
In their own minds they ne'er can be at ease;  
Of Judge, of Jury, tho' they make a jest,  
Each bears a sure Avenger in his breast.  
Of him, who wrong'd you, how forlorn the  
fate,  
Ev'n now a sacrifice to public hate !

---

VER. I.]

Exemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipsi  
Displicet auctori. prima est hæc ultio, quod, se  
Judice, nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis  
Gratia fallaci Prætoris vicerit urna.

B 3

And,

And, to be fair, your purse is not so light,  
That one small loss should leave you bankrupt  
quite.

Reflect a little ; to the times attend ;  
Are you sole sufferer from a faithless friend ? 10  
Cases of friends, who blush not to betray,  
Are common grown, the chat of every day :  
To all afflictions Reason sets a bound ;  
A wife man suits his wailing to his wound.  
Why rail, why madden at a breach of trust ? 15  
Is it a prodigy to be unjust ?  
Starts he at this, who half an age has known ;  
He who has seen four sovereigns on the throne ?  
Her chosen few by rule let Wisdom train,  
O'er Fortune proud a victory to gain ; 20  
Yet happy ! whom to ills long use has broke,  
Who walk thro' life, submissive to the yoke.

---

VER. 19.

Magna quidem sacris quæ dat præcepta libellis  
Victrix Fortunæ Sapientia : dicimus autem  
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,  
Nec jactare jugum vita didicere magistra.

What

What year revolves, not fully'd by the fame  
 Of some Aspirant to the villain's name?  
 This snares some helpless orphan in his pow'r; 25  
 That cheats a wealthy widow of her dow'r.  
 A man of worth how rare ! at some court-night  
 A Beau plain-drest is scarce a stranger sight.  
 Yet if a rogue by stratagem or lies  
 Out-wit us once, we summon Earth and Skies, 30  
 Loud, as when two brib'd Bawlers at the bar  
 Stun all the benches with the wordy war.  
 Grave Trifler ! Babe of sixty ! not to see  
 What charms endear another's property.  
 O fool ! to dream that dread of ought can awe 35  
 The needy villain, unrestrain'd by law !

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VER. 23.]

*Quæ tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem —  
 Rari quippe boni : numero vix sunt totidem, quot  
 Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ossia Nili.*

VER. 33.]

— Dic, senior bulla dignissime, nescis  
 Quas habeat Venertes aliena pecunia ? nescis,  
 Quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat, cum  
 Exigis a quoquam ne pejeret, & putet ullis  
 Esse aliquod numen templis, aræque rubenti ?



Time was, when men the checks of conscience  
 knew,  
 Their manners plain ; their wants, their wishes few ;  
 Ere staring striplings, proud abroad to roam, 24  
 Return'd well pranked with foreign fopp'ries home ;  
 Ere the mock Reas'ner made our faith his theme,  
 Prick'd by a lust of doubting to blaspheme.  
 Our Lords and Ladies then could sup alone,  
 The noisy terms of Drums and Routs unknown :  
 No Patriot, won by an imperious Dame, 45  
 For strings or titles barter'd honest fame ;  
 No madding Minion, rais'd by Fortune's hand,  
 Dar'd to insult the Nobles of the land :  
 To guard high-ways no gibbet frowning stood ;  
 No axe, no scaffold, blush'd with traitor blood : 50  
 No dark distrust kept back a thought ; the soul  
 Spontaneous flow'd : Joy crown'd the mantling  
 bowl.

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VER. 37.]

Quondam hoc Indigenæ vivebant more —

VER. 43.]

Nulla super nubes convivia Cœlicolarum : —  
 Prædebat sibi quisque Deus, nec turba Deorum  
 Talis, ut est hodie. —

Knaves then were prodigies : in this good time  
 Not to relieve fall'n merit was a crime.  
 Now if a Great man, privileg'd, be known      55  
 In pure respect to give you back your own,  
 What thanks are due? or if, to serve a friend,  
 Some fool officiously the Duke offend,  
 What worth ! we cry ; and, fir'd by fancy, place  
 His bust at Stow among th' illustrious race.      60  
 Yes ; when a man of principle I spy,  
 I gaze, as if a Phenix met my eye ;  
 Or Pow'r celestial, from his hallow'd height  
 Gliding, with streamy splendors struck my sight.  
 Your friend, you tell me, has a debt forsworn ;      65  
 Thousands with temper have such losses born :  
 The first mere Cit, to whom you hint your case,  
 Supports worse accidents with cloudless face.  
 Not all MALBECCO's wary wit could save  
 A bulky pledge from one designing knave.      70

---

VER. 53.]

Improbitas illo fuit admirabilis ævo. —  
 Nunc si depositum non inficietur amicus,  
 Si reddat veterem cum tota ærugine follem,  
 Prodigiosa fides, & Tuscis digna libellis.

No

No legal evidence ? — they're quite at rest ;  
 With ease they turn Religion to a jest :  
 And not a rogue, that's perjur'd ev'ry quarter,  
 But strait assumes the courage of a martyr.  
 Of guilt no symptom on the brow is seen ; 75  
 The speech unfalt'ring, and the eye serene.

There are with modern sages who maintain  
 That thoughts of Providence are visions vain ;  
 Who own no God but Chance ; uncheck'd by fears  
 Give to her guidance days, and months, and  
 years. 80

Thus school'd, no wonder, if with dauntless look  
 They mock their Maker, while they kiss the book.  
 Others there are, to whom the grace is giv'n  
 To dread the vengeance of offended Heav'n,

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VER. 71.]

Tam facile & pronum est superos contemnere testes,  
 Si mortalis idem nemo sciat. aspice quanta  
 Voce neget ; que sit fidei constantia vultus.

VER. 77.]

Sunt qui in Fortunæ jam casibus omnia ponant,  
 Et nullo credant mundum Rectore moveri,  
 Natura volvente vices & lucis, & anni ;  
 Atque ideo intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt.  
 Est alius metuens ne crimen pœna sequatur.  
 Hic putat esse Deos, & pejerat, atque ita secum : -

Who

Who on the threats of Theologues rely,      85  
 Yet in their actions give themselves the lie.  
 Tho' fraud on fraud the bolt impending call,  
 On them and theirs let the just judgment fall ;  
 Let Pain, let Sicknefs all her fury vent,  
 So that they thrive in flocks, they are content : 90  
 The pride of park and villa will atone  
 For all the pangs of providential ftone.  
 Refolve me, for fair fame who finely feel,  
 Can the calm joys of Confcience give a meal ;  
 Or the nice fenfe, that in punctilious pet      95  
 Spurns at a proffer'd penfion, pay a debt ?  
 Of wrath divine the terrors they well know :  
 But 'tis fome comfort Heav'n delays the blow :

---

Decernat quodcunque volet de corpore noftro  
 Ifis, & irato feriat mea lumina fiftro,  
 Dummodo vel cæcus teneam, quos abnego, nummos.

VER. 97.]

Ut fit magna, tamen certe lenta ira Deorum eft.  
 Si curant &c. — 103.

If

If every sinner smart for his offence,  
 My turn, each cries, will be a cent'ry hence : 100  
 Yet, it may be, forgiveness I shall find ;  
 Failings I have, but all of venial kind :  
 And not all crimes are punish'd ; the same fate  
 Waits not the puny Plund'rer, and the great :  
 Fruit of his spoils a coronet this gains ; 105  
 That friendless meets a gibbet for his pains.  
 Lent by self-love such lenitives control  
 The fears just rising in the guilty soul.  
 If but Suspicion's lightest breath transpire  
 To taint their name, they instantly take fire : 110  
 To impudence for aid you see them fly ;  
 For impudence with most is honesty.

VER. 103.]

—— multi

Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato ;  
 Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.  
 Sic animum diræ trepidum formidine culpæ  
 Confirmant. ——

VER. 111.]

Nam cum magna malæ superest audacia causæ,  
 Creditur a multis fiducia.

Go

Go thou, ill-fated ! Go ! thy throat extend ;  
 With loud complaint the seats of Justice rend ;  
 Loud, as of SATAN the Miltonian roar, 115  
 When Hell's dark concave with one shout he tore :  
 Without sure proofs no verdict you'll obtain ;  
 In such a cause ev'n YORKE would plead in vain.

Hear with what words a friend would sooth  
     your rage ;  
 Not with the tenets of Geneva's sage, 120  
 Not with scraps pilfer'd from the common-place  
 Of some puffed pedant Statist in disgrace :  
 Sick men in danger the great Doctors fee ;  
 But you may safely trust the least, ev'n me.  
 Mark well the frauds, that every clime have curst ;  
 If of all villainies this be the worst, 126

VER. 113.]

Tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora vincere possis,  
 Vel potius quantum Gradivus Homericus —

VER. 119.]

Accipe, quæ contra valeat solatia ferre  
 Et qui nec Cynicos, nec stoica dogmata legit.

VER. 123.]

Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri ;  
 'Tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi.

In

In woe's wild agony your lot deplore ;  
 Rail, rave, tie up the knocker of your door,  
 Since now-a-days a sharper pang attends  
 The loss of money than the death of friends : 130  
 For gold, for gold, unbidden flows the tear ;  
 Ev'n Politicians are plain-dealers here.  
 Yet why so wretched ? run from place to place,  
 The like disasters sadden ev'ry face. 134  
 These, as some Demon prompts, their deeds disown ;  
 In vain the sign, in vain their arms are shown ;  
 Those very arms emblaz'd in field of Or,  
 Born by their boasted fires in days of yore.  
 To ills not subject ? and a Son of Earth ? —  
 What lucky Planet govern'd at thy birth, 140  
 That thou, Heav'n's darling, shouldst live free from  
 care,  
 While all beside the griefs of mortals share ?  
 A puny Cheat scarce asks a moment's rage,  
 Rank'd with the mightier monsters of the age ;

---

VER. 139.]

Te nunc delicias extra communia censes  
 Ponendum ; quia tu gallinæ filius albæ,  
 Nos viles pulli nati infelicibus ovis.  
 Rem pateris modicam, & mediocri bile ferendam  
 Si flectas oculos majora ad crimina : confer  
 Ruffians,

Ruffians, who stab for plunder or for pay, 145  
 Or give to spreading flames whole streets a prey ;  
 The tools of Faction, who at her behest  
 In looks read scandal, words to treason wrest ;  
 Who plead for Laws and Truth, yet, as their theme  
 Is State or Church, can libel or blaspheme. 150  
 I pass, who, practis'd to play VOISIN's part ;  
 With study'd tortures point Death's secret dart ;  
 I pass, Lust's Votaries who live and die,  
 Eternal Wall'wers in Circean sty ;  
 To learn what vices times corrupt produce, 155  
 Perhaps the City Knight may be of use :  
 Read Bowstreet a few days, and, if you can,  
 Call yourself then a miserable man.

Conductum Latronem, incendia sulphure coepta —

VER. 151.]

Confer & artifices, mercatoremque veneni. —

VER. 155.]

Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti  
 Sufficit una domus. paucos consume dies, &  
 Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.

VER. 151. VOISIN.] A principal in the poisoning  
 Conspiracy, which alarmed the French Court in the last  
 century. For a fuller account, see the MEM. of MAD. DE  
 MAINTENON by M. DE LA BEAUMELLE, liv. vi. c. 2.

Who



Who in the Peak e'er wonders at a wen ?  
 Or stares at fallow skins in Lincoln fen ? 160  
 From Dover cross the seas, in long lutrines  
 You see the Preachers flirting like Pantines ;  
 With nasal twang discordant rings the place,  
 Each action aided by a new grimace :  
 A British Audience would with laughter split, 165  
 Or deem such Antics for dark durance fit :  
 There not a titt'rer shows the least surprise ;  
 Priestly Buffoons are common in their eyes.  
 " Shall then the Cheat no penal terrors awe ?  
 " Shall crimes that brave the Gods, elude the  
     " Law ? " 170  
 Grant at the bar you see the Culprit stand,  
 Convict ; and (more can fellest wrath demand ?)  
 Doom'd the dire death of RAVILLAC to feel,  
 Each stretcht strain'd sinew bursting on the wheel ;

VER. 159.]

Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus ? —

VER. 169 ]

Nullane perjuri capitis, fraudisque nefandæ  
 Pœna erit ? abreptum crede hunc graviore catena  
 Procinus, & nostro (quid plus velit ira ?) necari  
 Arbitrio. —

Yet

Yet from his pangs what profit do you gain ? 175  
 Still the whole loss remains, and will remain.  
 " What joy the rogue's least drop of blood to see !  
 " Revenge ! Revenge ! what's life compar'd with  
 " thee ? "

So \*, so \* \*, with Ambition's gale  
 On Party's troubled ocean wont to sail ; 180  
 Whose passions, list'ning to no law's control,  
 Make one eternal hurricane of soul.  
 Not so, who by a thankless King betray'd,  
 O'er that King's every failing cast a shade ;  
 Not so, who victim of revengeful Pow'r 185  
 Pray'd for his murd'ers in life's parting hour.

VER. 177.]

At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa.  
 Nempe hoc indocti, quorum praeordia nullis  
 Interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis.  
 Quantulacunque adeo est occasio, sufficit iræ.  
 Chrysippus non dicet idem, nec mite Thaletis  
 Ingenium, dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto. —

VER. 183. Earl of CLARENDON.

VER. 185.] Lord RUSSEL.

C

Hail

Hail Truth ! whose first behests as we obey,  
 Each vice, each error, gradual drops away.  
 He, whom Revenge can charm, is curst, you'll find,  
 With a mean, impotent, and selfish mind. 190  
 Yet say not, they escape, who brave the laws ;  
 Guilt, conscious Guilt, with thousand terrors awes ;  
 With secret stings the Fury goads, and shakes  
 O'er the astonish'd soul a whip of snakes.  
 Who in his breast a self-tormentor feels 195  
 May laugh at burning bulls, and wracking wheels.  
 Who but conceives a wickedness within  
 Incurs the pains of perpetrated sin.

---

VER. 187.]

—— plurima felix

Paulatim vitia, atque errores exiit omnes  
 Prima docens rectum Sapientia. —

VER. 191.]

—— Cur tamen hos tu

Evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti  
 Mens habet attonitos, & surdo verberare cædit,  
 Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum ?  
 Poena autem vehemens, ac multo sævior illis,  
 Quas & Cæditius gravis invenit, aut Rhadamanthus,  
 Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.

But

But has he dar'd the meditated deed ?  
Thoughts, ceaseless thoughts, in teasing train suc-  
ceed. 200

If on some solemn festive day a Lord  
Tempt him to taste the bounties of his board,  
As a sick man he eyes the steaming store,  
Or chews the growing morsel o'er and o'er :  
High-flavour'd wines are flat : in vain for him 205  
Champagne leaps sparkling o'er the cup's bright  
brim.

Should he at night his tir'd tofs'd limbs compose,  
Happy to catch the promise of repose ;  
No rest is his : the vengeful Fiends pursue ;  
In dreams thy form terrific meets his view, 210  
Thy form enlarg'd : the spectre he beholds  
Aghast, and instant all the fraud unfolds.

VER. 200.]

*Perpetua anxietas, nec mensæ tempore cessat ;  
Faucibus ut morbo fictis, interque molarea  
Difficili crescente cibo : sed vina misellus  
Expuit : Albani veteris pretiosa senectus  
Displicet. —*

VER. 210.]

*— Tua sacra & major imago  
Humana turbat pavidum, cogitque-fateri.*

C 2

These,

These, these are they, who start, turn pale with  
 fears,  
 Heav'n's first low thunders mutt'ring in their ears :  
 No comfort now Philosophy affords ; 215  
 Her soothing systems but a waste of words :  
 Each flash, each murmur, their quick sense ap-  
 pals ;  
 On them, on them, the bolt ideal falls.  
 This danger past, some future storm they dread  
 To burst with heighten'd horrors on their head. 220  
 Does Pain, or Sickness seize ? they strait incline  
 To deem these instruments of wrath divine ;  
 Now sue to Heav'n for mercy ; or too late  
 Deal out a largess to the poor they hate.

---

VER. 213.]

Hi sunt, qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent,  
 Cum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure cœli ;  
 Non quasi fortuitus, nec ventorum rabie, sed  
 Iratus cadat in terras, & vindicet ignis.  
 Illa nihil nocuit ; cura graviore timetur  
 Proxima tempestas, velut hoc dilata sereno.  
 Præterea lateris vigili cum febre dolorem  
 Si cœpere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum  
 Infesto credunt a Numine ; saxa Deorum  
 Hæc & tela putant.

How

How various men of sin ! to change how prone ! 225  
 In act determin'd ; but in act alone :

The crime committed, to cool thought resign'd.  
 What's right, what's wrong, they then begin to  
 find.

Would they reform ? unchang'd unconquer'd still  
 Habits corrupt prevail, and prompt to ill. 230  
 Of MAMMON's Worshipers has there been sound,  
 Who to iniquity could fix a bound ?

Vain thought the blush once banish'd to restore !  
 Who once a knave will be a knave no more ? 234  
 Yes ; the days come, when added crimes shall draw  
 Thy perjur'd friend within the grasp of law :  
 From his dire end thy hate some joy shall know,  
 And satiate feel ev'n Pity for a foe :

VER. 231.]

— Nam quis

Peccandi finem posuit sibi ? quando recepit  
 Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem ?  
 Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris  
 uno

Flagitio ? dabit in laqueum vestigia noster  
 Perfidus. —

— Pœna gaudebis amara

Nominis invisi, tandemque fatebere lætus

( 38 · )

Then shalt thou learn in Providence to trust,  
And own, tho' Juries wink, that God is just.

---

Nec surdum, nec Tiresiam quenquam esse Deorum.

THE

**T H E**

**FOURTEENTH SATIRE**

**I M I T A T E D,**

**C 4**





S A T I R E

XIV.

**Y**ES; I must say it; Britain is undone,  
If vicious habits creep from sire to son;  
Such as an HOWARD's scutcheon would efface,  
Or shade the glories of a RUSSEL's race.  
Does the Duke game? the Marquis shall be  
seen 5  
Hem'd by a sharpening circle at fifteen.

---

VER. 5.]

Si damnosa fenem juvat alea, ludit & hæres  
Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo.

Shall

Shall the youth, wont from infancy to note  
 The fav'ry raptures of a reverend throat,  
 In Gallic arts long lesson'd by his Sire, 9  
 The Chief's, or Patriot's painful wreath acquire?  
 Go! be the skill of Cam and Isis join'd  
 To form, by Wisdom's better rules, his mind;  
 Fruitless their care: his glory is to shine  
 A true descendant of a lick'rish line.  
 APPIUS, a fiend of Passion; in whose face 15  
 Spleen sits, and triumphs with a sour grimace,  
 Who keeps his family in ceaseless fear,  
 The POLYPHEMUS of all the region near,  
 Think ye, will he his son to meekness school,  
 Or train him to a temper calm and cool, 20

---

VER. 11.]

Barbatus licet admoveas mille inde magistros,  
 Hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cœnare paratu  
 Semper, & a magna non degenerare culina:

VER. 18.]

— Antiphates trepidi laris, ac Polyphemus?  
 Teach

Teach him, that failings our indulgence claim,  
 That Nature fashion'd rich and poor the same?  
 PERISSA's daughter wed, you'll feel too late  
 You've chosen no LUCRETIA for your mate;  
 The miss, who, ere twelve winters she could  
     tell, 25  
 Knew, with resistless airs, to act the belle,  
 To lisp, to languish, heave the practis'd sigh,  
 And dart sweet mischief from the melting eye;  
 Who to wild Gallants luscious lines indites,  
 And with her freakish friends holds noisy nights,  
 In all her mother's myst'ries deeply read, 31  
 Treats, assignations, swarming in her head.  
 So Nature bids: when great examples move,  
 Domestic vices too persuasive prove;  
 Some few, illumin'd by a richer ray, 35  
 Direct their course, as Reason points the way;

VER. 33.]

Sic Natura jubet: velocius & citius nos  
 Corruptum vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis  
 Cum subeant animos auctoribus. unus & alter  
 Forſitan hæc spernant juvenes, quibus arte benigna  
 Et meliore luto ſinxit præcordia Titan.

Moſt

Most in their Parents' footsteps fondly run,  
 Drawn to the very track they ought to shun.  
 Is it your wish a faultless son to see ?  
 Watch your own conduct ; from all stain be  
 free :

40

For youth too oft, whatever care is had,  
 Perversely docile, imitates the bad :  
 No place but swarms with \* \* s of the kind ;  
 But where another SAVILE shall we find ?  
 With due reserve before a Child be seen ; 45  
 Taint not his innocence with talk obscene :  
 Far hence be midnight revels, midnight balls !  
 And keep, O ! keep him from those wanton walls,

---

*Sed reliquos fugienda patrum vestigia ducunt ;  
 Et monstrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpæ,*

VER. 43.]

— Catilinam

*Quocunque in populo videas, quocunque sub axe :  
 Sed nec Brutus erit, Bruti nec avunculus usquam.  
 Nil dictu fœdum visuque hæc limina tangat,  
 Intra quæ puer est. Procul hinc, procul inde puellæ  
 Lenonum, & cantus pernoctantis parafiti.  
 Maxima debetur puero reverentia. si quid*

Where

Where Love leads in his loose-zon'd titt'ring  
crew,

And AMORET trips half-naked to the view. 50

Should you perceive at some unguarded hour

The Tempter willing to exert his pow'r,

Scorn not the playful presence of your boy,

But check the risings of unruly joy.

Ah think ! should he to some great guilt aspire, 55

(For sons not only copy of their fire

The form and features, but the manners too,

And every failing piously outdo :)

Strait in reproofs you'd vent your rage ; or, worse !

In silence meditate your heaviest curse. 60

---

*Turpe paras, nec tu pueri contempseris annos :*

*Sed peccaturo obstitat tibi filius infans.*

*Nam si quid dignum Censoris fecerit ira,*

*(Quandoquidem similem tibi se non corpore tantum*

*Nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius, & cum*

*Omnia deterius tua per vestigia peccet)*

*Corripies nimirum, & castigabis acerbo*

*Clamore, ac post hæc tabulas mutare parabis.*

*O shame !*

O shame ! dare you—you, Sir, a reverend rake,  
 The parent's front, the parent's vengeance take,  
 You, whom long since a course of roar and riot  
 Has render'd ripe for discipline and diet ?  
 Yet, tho' no decency e'er claim'd your care, 65  
 The least punctilio 'twere a sin to spare :  
 Let but a peer or peerefs come to dine,  
 In polish'd pride the rich buffet shall shine ;  
 A brighter gloss the Persian quilts disclose,  
 And the lac'd lackeys stand in tawdry rows. 70  
 Why this solicitude for poor parade,  
 While every serious business is delay'd ?  
 A spotless family, without a vice,  
 Is a concern, in which you're not so nice.

Unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,  
 Cum facias pejora senex ; vacuumque cerebro  
 Jampridem caput hoc ventosa cucurbita quærat ?  
 Hospite venturo, cessabit nemo tuorum.

VER. 71.]

Illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni  
 Aspiciat sine labe domum, vitioque carentem ?

CAN

Can he demand a recompence too great,      75  
 Who forms a man of merit for the state,  
 A WOLFE, or YORKE, to bleed in Britain's cause,  
 Or from Rebellion's gripe to snatch the laws?  
 It matters much what manners and what arts  
 Use, early use, to tender age imparts.      80  
 To pathless woods the mother stork repairs,  
 And snakes and lizards to her offspring bears,  
 Who, when full-plum'd to sail thro' air, in quest  
 Of the same animals, desert their nest:  
 The vultur, nurtur'd to the carrion taste,      85  
 With tender talons tears the rank repast:

---

Gratum est, quod patriæ civem, populoque dedisti —  
 Vss. 79.]

Plurimum enim intererit, quibus artibus, & quibus  
 hunc tu

Moribus instituas. Serpente ciconia pullos.  
 Nutrit, & inventa per devia rura lacerta:  
 Illi eadem sumptis quærent animalia pennis.  
 Vultur jumento & canibus, crucibusque relictis,  
 Ad fœtus properat, partemque cadaveris affert.  
 Hinc est ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis, & se  
 Pasceatis, propria cum jam facit arbore nidos.

Eaglets



Eaglets mature, and birds of generous breed,  
 Wont from their shell on forest-game to feed,  
 When hunger prompts, their prey in forests seek,  
 And souse on hares and fawns with rav'ning  
 beak. 90

CENTRONIUS in one favour'd son attains  
 A rich reward for all his piddling pains :  
 What pride ! the little pedant when he saw  
 Quit for a view of canker'd coins his taw ;  
 Heard him some vase's tap'ring beauties tell, 95  
 Or praise the pearly lining of a shell !  
 Nor did the tasteful LABEO with less joy  
 Behold himself reflected in his boy ;  
 LABEO, who, proud to act no vulgar part,  
 Would rival BOYLE in the Palladian art ; 100  
 But, grown more prudent, ere it was too late,  
 Left to his son his plans and his estate.

*Sed leporem, aut capream, famulæ Jovis, & ge-  
 nerosæ*

*In saltu venantur aves : hinc præda cubili  
 Ponitur ; inde autem, cum se matura levabit  
 Progenies, stimulante fame, festinat ad illam,  
 Quam primam rupto prædam gustaverit ovo.*

Now

Now see, the wonder of an age to come;  
 A structure worthy Athen.<sup>o</sup> worthy Rome !  
 Fair-op'ning to his wish a site is found ;      109  
 The pile slow-rising heaves above the ground :  
 Domes, arches, colonades, lick up his gold ;  
 The front to finish next his lands are sold ;  
 The last few hundreds wake him from his trance,  
 And waft him o'er a fugitive to France.      110  
 Who in the son Sir CALEB does not trace,  
 The trembling tone, formality of face,  
 The curls, the coat ? for to reform the dress  
 With him is pagan, popish ; nothing less :  
 Stiff in his gait, precise in all he says,      115  
 Each step he measures, and each word he weighs.  
 Why lives the Son a loit'rer round the year ?  
 Look on Sir CALEB, and the cause is clear.  
 Most vices take their followers at first view ;  
 Av'rice alone reluctant we pursue :      120

---

VER. 111.]

Quidam fortiti metuentem Sabbata Patrem, &c.

VER. 119.]

Sponte tamen juvenes imitantur cætera : solam  
 Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.

D

A cheat;

A cheat ; than whom no virtue can be seen  
 More grave in garb, or more demure in mien.  
 'Tis true ; Sir \* had some penurious ways ;  
 Yet his œconomy exacts our praise ;  
 No saint more temperate : his savings sure ; 125  
 And well he knew those savings to secure.  
 For management by all around him fear'd ;  
 And in the 'Change how honour'd ! how rever'd !  
 These, these, who wealth above all blessings prize,  
 Too many fathers style supremely wise ; 130  
 Who deem the Poor to bliss can have no claim,  
 But to be rich and happy are the same.  
 " Go, boys," they cry, " keep fast the golden rule !  
 " Go ! learn true wisdom at Sir \* 's school."

---

Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis & umbra,  
 Cum sit triste habitu, vultuque & veste severum.  
 Nec dubie tanquam frugi laudatur avarus,  
 Tanquam parcus homo, & rerum tutela suarum  
 Certa magis, quam si fortunas servet easdem  
 Hesperidum serpens, aut Ponticus. adde quod hunc de  
 Quo loquor, egregium populus putat, atque verendum  
 Artificem.

Vice.

Vice has it's elements : these they impart; 135  
 The beggarly beginnings of their art :  
 Next the sound tenets of the trade are told,  
 Tenets, which TUSCUS and his spare spouse hold ;  
 From their starv'd servants who with care conceal  
 The bony fragments of a Sabbath meal, 140  
 But bounteously permit them to regale  
 On salted herrings and on muddy ale,  
 And for themselves or friends with mead refine  
 The last thick droppings of a pint of wine.  
 Do the dark dungeons of Moorfields contain 145  
 Frantics so desp'rate as the slaves of gain,  
 All penury's pinching pains thro' life who try,  
 To leave a golden mountain when they die ?

---

VER. 135.]

*Sunt quædam vitiorum elementa : his protinus illos  
 Imbuit, & cogit minimas ediscere sordes:  
 Mox acquirendi docet insanabile votum:  
 Servorum ventres modio caligat iniquo  
 Ipse quoque esuriens. —*

VER. 145.]

— Manifesta phrenesis;

Ut locuples moriaris egenti vivere fato.

Alas ! to have is but to wish for more ;  
 Believe me, none less covet than the Poor. 150

Tir'd of the town PATRICE a villa buys ;  
 A farm adjoining soon attracts his eyes :  
 That field so fertile, and that range of trees,  
 In a few years he purchases with ease :  
 Next on his neighbour's ground a wish he throws :  
 Happy, could he that meadow but enclose ! 156  
 Not sell it ! shall PATRICE entreat in vain ?  
 (For with some folks to beg is to obtain :)  
 Threaten'd with law his neighbour takes advice,  
 Glad to give up his acres at half price. 160  
 In vain the men look grave, the women rail ;  
 Unmov'd he hears the lamentable tale,  
 More pleas'd by rapine envious talk to raise,  
 Than live on little with a people's praise.

VER. 149.]

Crescit amor Nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit,  
 Et minus hanc optat, qui non habet. Ergo paratur  
 Altera villa tibi, cum rus non sufficit unum,  
 Et proferre libet fines ; majorque videtur  
 Et melior vicina seges.

Yet

Yet in that little he perhaps might find 169  
 More health of body, and more peace of mind,  
 A charm, that might each harsher sense assuage,  
 And gild the dark December of old age.

Blest times ! when our forefathers with disdain  
 Could see men tread the crooked paths of gain :  
 Glory their wish, and competence their aim, 171  
 By noble means they fought an honest fame,  
 Proud from our coasts the Spaniard to repel,  
 Or rear rich trophies, where the TALBOTS fell :  
 No pension, no court-bauble, they desir'd ; 175  
 Each to his own paternal cell retir'd ;  
 There every want and every wish confin'd,  
 And knew no treasure but a peaceful mind.  
 The sons, discipl'd in each manly grace,  
 Beam'd back the modest virtues of their race. 180  
 Now dreams of grandeur haunt each infant brain  
 The princely palace and the liv'ry'd train :  
 Hence with portentous crimes these days are curst ;  
 Of mental monsters Avarice is the worst ;

---

VER. 183.]

Inde fere scelerum causæ, nec plura venena  
 Miscuit, aut ferro grassatur sæpius ullum  
 Humanæ mentis vitium, quam sæva cupido

To dark and deathful deeds she stirs the soul, 180

She points the poniard, and she drags the bowl :

Heirs, restless heirs, her dire behests obey :

No torture to her zealots like delay :

Wild for the prize the minor in career 189

Of Law, of Fame, of Conscience, knows no fear.

This lust of gain escap'd not MARVELL's eye :

"Hence to your seats, ye youths!" he oft would  
cry :

"The days of rural innocence restore ;

"Live as your Ancestors have liv'd before.

"Who toils the tenant of his own estate 195

"Will never turn informer to the Great,

"Mix with the Sharpers, join the factious tribe,

"Or, worse ! betray his country for a bribe."

*Indomiti census. Nam dives qui fieri vult,*

*Et cito vult fieri. Sed quæ reverentia legum ?*

*Quis metos, aut pudor est unquam propterantis avari ?*

*Vivite contenti casulis, & collibus istis,*

*O pueri, Marfus dicebat & Hernicus olim. —*

*Nil vetitum fecisse volet, quem non pudet alto*

*Per glaciem perone tegi ; qui summovet Euros*

*Pellibus inversis. Peregrina ignotaque nobis*

*Ad scelus atque nefas, quodcunque est, purpura  
ducit.*

Thus

Thus spake the patriot of a former age :  
 Maxims more prudent guide a modern sage : 200  
 Ere yet the child has number'd thirteen years,  
 This saving saw is trembling in his ears :  
 " Go, boy ! where Int'rest bids : they never err,  
 " Who, in their choice of friends, the rich prefer."  
 Do the lad's lineaments show a rough grace ? 205  
 He buys the promise of an ensign's place :  
 Be MARS propitious, and he'll never fear  
 To rise a Col'nel in his fortieth year.  
 Or should the frailties of a flutt'ring frame  
 Dim the pure lustre of a foldier's fame, 210  
 For gown and band he barter's his cockade,  
 And leaves to BRADDOCK all BELLONA's trade.  
 As shifts his patron's taste, behold him shine  
 A play'r, a cook, a gambler, or divine.  
 Nor needs he blush to thrive by arts like these : 215  
 Gain still is gain, acquire it as you please :

---

Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus : at nunc, &c,

V. 22. 215.]

Neu credas ponendum aliquid discriminis inter  
 Unguenta & corium. Lucri bonus est odor ex re

D 4

For



For mark the doctrine; MONEY MUST BE HAD;  
 No matter if the means be good or bad :  
 This, this, before their elements of speech,  
 To boys, to girls, fires, grandfires, matrons teach.  
 But why these precepts ? Go, secure of mind : 221  
 Soon will the monitor be left behind ;  
 Soon with a sigh confess himself outdone,  
 As the mad \* \* by his madder son.  
 Cease then a while your lessons to impart ;    225  
 The native taint has not yet reach'd the heart :  
 Scarce shall his downy cheeks the man reveal,  
 And court the first sharp glidings of the steel,

---

Qualibet. —

Unde habeas, querit nemo, sed oportet habere.  
 Hoc monstrant vetulæ pueris poscentibus assẽm ;  
 Hoc discunt omnes ante Alpha & Beta puellæ.

VER. 221.

— Dic, o vanissime, quis te  
 Festinare jubet ? meliorem præsto magistro  
 Discipulum. Securus abi : vinceris, ut Ajax  
 Præteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.  
 Parcendum est teneris,

Frontlesq;

Frontless he'll cheat ; with oaths confirm a lie ;  
 For vilest trash pack cards, or cog the die ; 239  
 Defame a friend, set families at strife,  
 Or poison, if need be, a wealthy wife.  
 Small knaves for lucre traverse lands and seas ;  
 Great villains do their bus'ness with more ease.  
 " Well, Heav'n be judge ! in me no failure lies :"  
 Each pious father lifts his hands, and cries. 236  
 Yet sure who counsels to heap gain on gain  
 Lends to another's passions the loose rein :  
 In vain you bid him warily proceed ;  
 Far from the goal he flies with frantic speed. 240

VER. 233.]

—— Nam quæ terræque marique

Acquirenda putes, brevior via conferet illi.

Nullus enim magni sceleris labor. hæc ego nunquam

Mandavi, dices olim, nec talia suasi :

Mentis causa malæ tamen est & origo penes te.

Nam quisquis magni census præcepit amorem,

Et lævo monitu pueros produxit avaros :

—— Et totas effundit habenas

Curriculo ; quem si revoces, subsistere nescit,

Et, te contempto, rapitur, metisque relictis.

Would

( 58<sup>e</sup> )

Would you set bounds ? by self-indulgence taught  
Each thinks he goes no further than he ought.

The wights, who to their sons are wont to say,  
That all, who give, are in a desp'rate way ;  
Who with a shrug the fools to Bedlam send, 245  
Whom 'Pity prompts to raise a sinking friend ;  
What do they but an ardent itch create  
By fraud or force to compass an estate ;  
Teach them for wealth more fierce desires to feel,  
Than e'er felt WILLIAM for the public weal, 250  
When, fir'd by "Freedom," Albion's blifs he  
plan'd ?

And drove a Tyrant-bigot from the land ?

---

Nemo satis credit tantum delinquere, quantum  
Permittas : adeo indulgent sibi latius ipsi.  
Cum dicis juveni stultum qui donet amico,  
Qui paupertatem levet attollatque propinqui ;  
Et spoliare doces, & circumscribere, & omni  
Crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te est,  
Quantus erat patriæ Deciorum in pectore, quantum  
Dilexit Thebas, si Græcia vera, Menœceus.

Soon

Soon will you see the sparks, your breath supply'd;  
Burst in a blaze, and spread destruction wide.

Nor hope to 'scape a flame, that levels all : 255  
You too a victim to it's rage shall fall.

Your looks, your frame, Nestorean years preface :  
Torture to wait the slow decays of age !

What mail, or antidote, can ease your thought, 259  
When Avarice points the steel, or drags the draught !

No SCRUB, no BAYS, who by grimace or wit  
Sets in a roar the rabble of the pit,  
Yields such a fight, as who in pride of pelf  
Is pleas'd to make a martyr of himself,  
Who, worth a million, humbly deigns to fear 265  
Some sad reverse, some other South-sea year.

Ye FOOTS ! ye WOODWARDS ! quit the "comic"  
trade ;  
On the world's stage more pleasant pranks are  
play'd.

VER. 253.]

Ergo ignem, cujus scintillas ipse dedisti,  
Flagrantem late, & rapientem cuncta videbis :  
Nec tibi parceretur misero.

VER. 261.]

Monstro voluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra  
Nulla æquare queas prætoris pulpita lauti,  
Si spectas &c.

Who

Who but must shake with laughter, when he sees  
 A wretch for lucre barter health and ease? 270  
 Yet all, from those who stretch their lungs for  
 hire,

To him who wantons on the wav'ring wire,  
 Reap and enjoy the harvest of their pains,  
 While some folks put no period to their gains.  
 Go, frantic! if the God of Gold commands, 275  
 Go, walk with Pestilence o'er scorching sands,  
 All life's best comforts left! or shiv'ring go  
 Where Winter's banners wave o'er hills of snow!  
 For what? unrival'd among Cits to range  
 The gaze and envy of a crowded Change; 280  
 To buy a borough in some venal year,  
 Or match your daughter with a ruin'd Peer.

Madness is various, this no peace can know,  
 While froward Fancy paints each friend a foe;

VER. 271.]

Hic tamen ancipiti figens vestigia planta  
 Victum illa mercede parat, brumamque famemque  
 Illa recte cavet: tu propter mille talenta,  
 Et centum villas temerarius.—

—veniet classis, quocunque vocarit

Spes lucri.

VER. 283.]

Non unus mentes agitat furor.—

From

From Heav'n th' inspiring call another hears, 285  
 And sets his fainted neighbours by the ears ;  
 A third, who roams the seas to swell his heap,  
 A tott'ring plank between him and the deep,  
 Tho' in demeanor a true sage he seem,  
 BATTIE no less a lunatic would deem : 290  
 Let Death with horrors hang the black'ning skies,  
 In tow'ring pyramids let surges rise,  
 Rocks rear their heads, or icy mountains roll ;  
 Gold sheds a soothing opiate on his soul.  
 Nor with the getting does the mischief end ; 295  
 More dangers wait him ; cares on cares attend :  
 His own domestics fill him with affright ;  
 Robbers by day, assassins in the night :

---

VER. 287.]

— Parcat tunicis licet atque lacernis,  
 Curatoris eget, qui navem mercibus implet  
 Ad summum latus, & tabula distinguitur unda.

Occurrunt nubes & fulgura ; solvite funem —  
 Nil color hic cœli, nil fascia nigra minatur :  
 Æstivum tonat.

VER. 295.]

Tantis parta malis cura majore metuque  
 Servantur : misera est magni custodia cœsus.

Gems, vases, statues, pictures, sculptur'd plate  
Unnumber'd terrors to their lord create. 304

If such the plagues of full prosperity,  
Who most demands our envy? Is it he,  
Who in an hermitage content has found,  
Or he whose wishes not Peru can bound?  
Reasons to value self tho' shrewd men seek, 305  
Nature and Common-sense one language speak.  
Let fools, let slaves, before their idol bend;  
I know no wants, Philosophy my friend.  
Ask ye, what's competence? cloaths, food, and fire:  
Or should your views to something more aspire,  
Go! see where Temperance and Plenty meet. 311  
To bless one man in Thurcaston's retreat.  
Should you still hang the lip, and knit the brow,  
An added rent or two I might allow:

VER. 302.]

— Quanto felicior hic qui

Nil cuperet, quam qui totum sibi posceret orbem.  
Nullum numen habes, si sit Prudentia; sed te  
Nos facimus Fortuna Deam. Mensura tamen quæ  
Sufficiat census, si quis me consulat, edam.  
In quantum sitis atque fames & frigora poscunt.  
Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapiëntia dicit.

Not

Not pleas'd? alas ! could treasures be supply'd 315  
From Earth's vast stores, enow for \* \* 's pride,  
Enow for THORNTON's bounty, could they more  
Than teach you to be wretched, and be poor ?

---

Si nondum implevi gremium, si panditur ultra ;  
Nec Cræfi fortuna unquam, nec Persica regna  
Sufficient animo, nec divitiæ Narcissi.





IMITATIONS

OF

P E R S I U S.

E



S A T I R E

II.

**J**OY to my Friend! may some rare blessing  
wait  
The morn, that lengthens by a year life's date.  
With grateful off'rings hail the Guardian Pow'r,  
That watch'd ascendant at your natal hour.  
Nor have you once in secret pour'd a pray'r, 5  
Or form'd a wish, that might defeat his care.

---

VER. I.]

Hunc, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo,  
Qui tibi labentes apponit candidus annos.  
Funde merum Genio.

E 2

A spot-

A spotless name, sound sense, and honour clear  
 Who ask, ask loudly, that the world may hear :  
 Not so who to himself devoutly cries ;  
 “ O ! could I see my father’s obsequies ! ”      10  
 Or who the lucky chance of LABEO craves,  
 Blest in four wives, all peaceful in their graves :  
 Or he, who cross’d in politics or love  
 Prays Heav’n a prosp’rous Rival to remove.  
 Resolve me, impious ! (little I require).      15  
 What thoughts conceiv’st thou of th’ eternal Sire ?  
 Is there, whom thou a juster Judge wouldst call  
 Than him, whose justice rules this earthly ball ?

---

VER. 7.]

Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clare, & ut audiat hospes,  
 Illa sibi introrsum & sub lingua immurmurat : ô si  
 Ebullit Patruî præclarum funus !

VER. 15.]

Heus age, responde : Minimum est quod scire laboro,  
 De Jove quid sentis ?

— An scilicet hæres,

Quis potior Judex ? —

Dar’st

Dar'st thou then urge to GOD without a fear  
 Requests a BORGIA would with horror hear? 20  
 When lightnings flash, what! because thou and  
 thine  
 Escape the fury of the bolt divine,  
 And with sulphureous touch some oak is riven,  
 Deem'st thou, thy past offences are forgiven?  
 Or by what bribe dost thou presume to win 25  
 Th' omniscient Judge to wink upon thy sin?  
 Mark the wise Mother, or the Aunt more wise:  
 Her puny Hope she reads with doting eyes;  
 His looks, his lineaments, his words preface  
 Some pleasing promise of a riper age. 30

VER. 19.]

Hoc igitur, quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,  
 Dic agedum Staio: proh Jupiter! O bone, clamet,  
 Jupiter!  
 Ignovisse putas, quia, cum tonat, ocyus illex  
 Sulphure discutitur sacro, quam tuque domusque?  
 — Aut quidnam est, qua tu mercede Deorum  
 Emeris auriculas? —

VER. 27.]

Ecce Avia, aut metuens Divûm Matertera, Cunis  
 Exemit puerum. —  
 Tunc manibus quatit, & spem macram supplice voto  
 E 3 She

She sees him now in fash and solitaire  
 March in review with MILO's strut and stare ;  
 Now trip the gaze of some court-masquerade ;  
 Now at St. James's ruffle in brocade ; 34  
 Or sends him with \* 's followers brave and bold,  
 To plunder eastern provinces for gold.  
 Where-e'er he treads, behold ! a new-born rose :  
 Some grace of feature VENUS' self bestows :  
 Then such a shape, as cannot fail to move  
 A noble Dowager with virtuous love : 40  
 And, if kind Fortune grant a second Wife,  
 A City-heiress may be his for life.  
 Such simple supplicants we well can spare ;  
 Or, if they pray, good Heav'n, avert their pray'r !

---

Nunc Licini in campos, nunc Craffi mittit in ædes.  
 Hunc optent generum Rex & Regina : puellæ  
 Hunc rapiant : quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat.  
 Ast ego Nutrici non mando vota ; negato,  
 Jupiter, hæc illi, quamvis te albata rogarit.

GRYLL,

GRYLL, big and bloated with one endless feast, 45  
Sues with long life and vigour to be blest.

Grave fool ! thy fauces and thy soups resign ;  
Or know, the lot of PARR will ne'er be thine.

FLAVIA for luck at cards the Saints would bribe ;  
With gifts wins WHITFIELD and the godly tribe :  
(Such of fanatic FLAVIA is the creed ; 51  
She hopes by Intercessors to succeed :)

Despair not, FLAVIA ! tho' your vows are vain ;  
Thousands are lost ; yet bribe, and play again ;  
Till the last Guinea, all his fellows gone, 55  
Sigh, hopeless sigh, in your lank purse alone,

VER. 45.]

*Poscis opem nervis, corpusque fidele senectæ :*  
*Esto ; ægæ. Sed grandes patinæ, tucetæque crassa*  
*Annuere his Superos vetuere, Jovemque morantur.*

VER. 53.]

*Jam dabitur, jamjam ; donec deceptus, & exspes*  
*Nequicquam fundo fuspiret nummus in imo,*



Say ye, before Rome's golden Calf who fall,  
 Why with oblations hang the hallow'd wall ?  
 Would ye force mercy from the throne above  
 By such vile trash, as worthless mortals love ? 60  
 Low minds, whom no ethereal spark inspires !  
 Before God's altars bring ye man's desires ?  
 Deem ye, Celestials a delight can find  
 In ought, that flatters Nature ill-inclin'd ?  
 She from Earth's entrails rends secreted store, 65  
 And gathers to a mass the tortur'd ore ;  
 Teaches the quilt in broider'd pride to shine,  
 And hews bright bawbles from the rocky mine :  
 'Tis thus fond Nature errs, nor errs in vain ;  
 But what by gold can Pow'rs Superior gain ? 70

VER. 61.]

O curvæ in terras animæ, & cœlestium inanes !  
 Quid juvat hoc templis nostros immittere mores,  
 Et bona Diis ex hac scelerata ducere pulpa ?

VER. 69.]

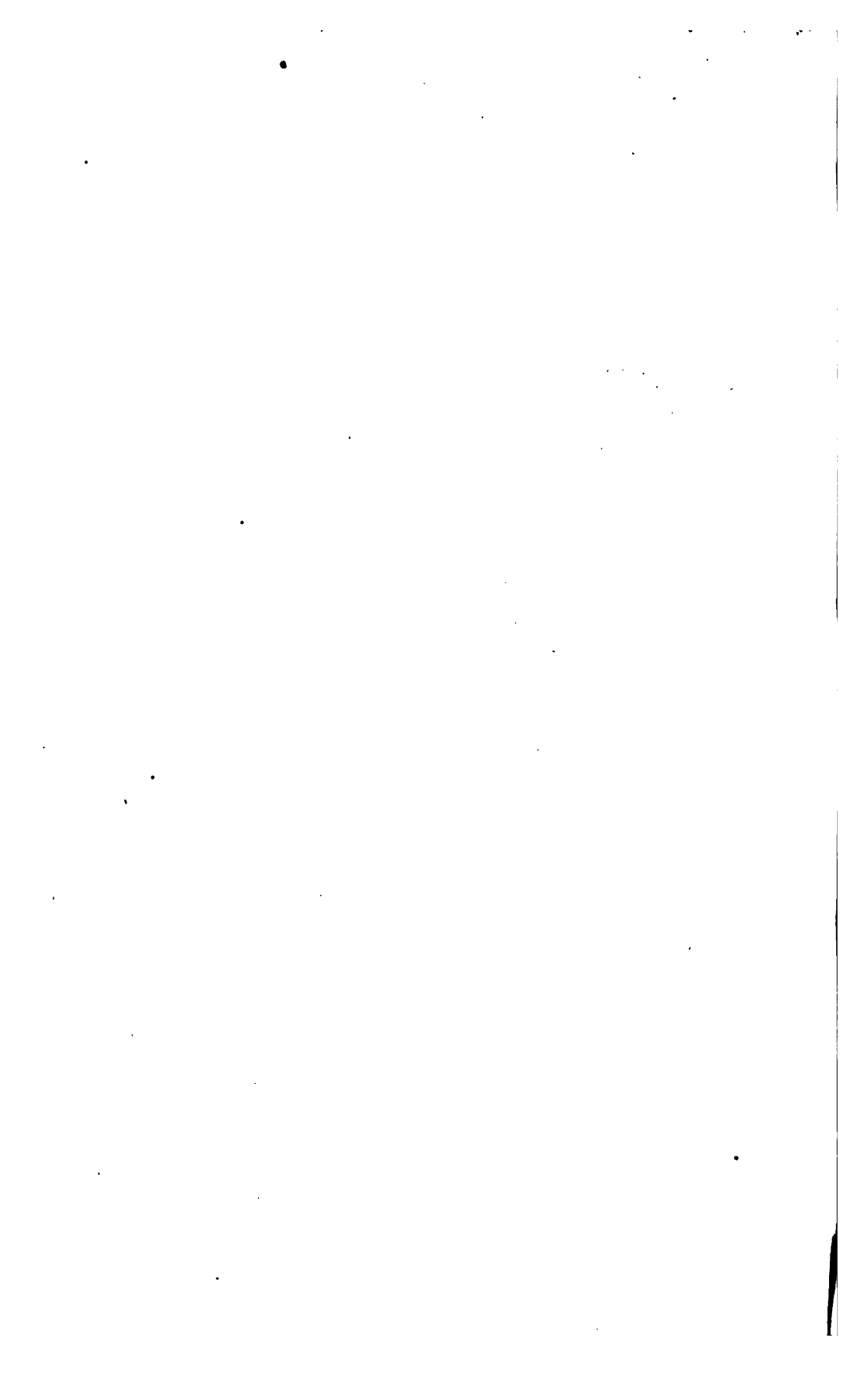
Peccat & hæc peccat : vitio tamen utitur. At vos,  
 Dicite, Pontifices, in sancto quid facit aurum ?

Let

Let us present, (a Sacrifice to Heav'n  
Dearer than bribes by graceless Greatness giv'n;)   
Compos'd affections, thoughts from taint quite free,  
An heart, deep-tinctur'd with humanity :  
Who offer these with hope prefer their pray'r, 75  
While Kings and Popes build Churches, and de-  
pair.

---

Quin damus id superis, de magna quod dare lance  
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago :  
Compositum jus fasque animo ; sanctosque recessus  
Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus honesto :  
Hæc cedo, ut admoveam templis, & farre litabo.



THE

THIRD SATIRE

IMITATED.



S A T I R E

III.

**A**-BED! what! when the shutters speak  
the day,  
The small chinks widening with the streamy ray.  
What hours we sleep! long hours that might  
digest  
The crude intemp'rance of a city feast.  
Not till bright Sol his beams meridian shed,  
A youth of fashion can forsake his bed.

---

VER. I.]

Nempe hæc affidue? jam clarum mane fenestras  
Intrat, & angustas extendit lumine rimas.

Up!

Up! up! mad Sirius burns the thirsty blade,  
 And all the herds stand panting in the shade.  
 "Indeed! so late!" the sluggard maz'd replies,  
 Brushing the dews of slumber from his eyes. 10  
 He yawns, and dresses; sips his tea; then rings:  
 Calls for his desk: the desk his Valet brings.  
 A pen he first essays; the point's too fine:  
 With ink so viscous who can write a line?  
 Dilute it; what a paly hue! the quill 15  
 Now leaves no stain; now double drops distill.  
 A book he takes; but shudders at the sight;  
 Grows dim and dizzy; scarce can bear the light.  
 Go, fool! again for pap and caudle cry,  
 Like some soft Chick, or babe of Quality; 20  
 In froward fit, go! beat thy Nurse's breast,  
 Hush'd, and but hush'd by lullaby to rest.

---

VER. 7.]

En quid agis? Siccas infans Canicula messes  
 Jamdudum coquit, & patula pecus omne sub ulmo est.

VER. 19.]

— At cur non potius, teneroque columbo,  
 Et similis regum pueris, pappare minutum  
 Pocis, & iratus matrem lallare recusas?

The

The pen, the paper is in fault, you say :  
Peace, fluent Babler ! with yourself you play.  
The vessel, made not by the Potter's law, 25  
With the least fillip rings forth every flaw.  
Now, a moist pliant clay, haste now to feel,  
Without a moment's pause, the forming wheel.  
In proud possessions you abound, 'tis true :  
What want you more ? has Wisdom charms for  
you ? 30  
If the rich only are completely blest,  
Thanks to kind Fortune, you secure may rest.  
Hence then ! to every passion give the rein ;  
Be like a Lord, voluptuous, choleric, vain :  
Make your high lineage your eternal boast : 35  
Tell, ere the Norman reach'd the British coast,  
How great each Ancestor ; who brave and bold  
Represt rude ravagers, stern kings control'd.

---

An tali studeam calamo ? cui verba ? quid istas  
Succinis ambages ? tibi luditur : effluis amens,  
Contemnere. Sonat vitium percussa, maligne  
Respondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo.  
Udum & melle lutum est ; nunc, nunc properandus,  
& acri  
Fingendus fine fine rota.

Some



Some with grave face may hear this fustian style,  
 But I, who know you, cannot fail to smile. 40  
 Without a blush can he his Sire's great deeds  
 Vaunt, who loose NATTA in loose life exceeds?  
 NATTA, so lethargy'd, so lost to shame  
 Who does not pity, for he's past all blame?  
 See him in Sin's abyss insensate drop ! 45  
 He sinks; nor sends one bubble to the top.  
 Ye Pow'rs of Vengeance! when ye would con-  
 found  
 Some LOUIS running mad Ambition's round,  
 Give him to see fair Virtue's form divine,  
 And, while he shuns her, feel his loss, and pine. 50

---

VER. 39.]

Ad populum phaleras: ego te intus & in cute novi ..  
 Non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Nattæ?  
 Sed stupet hic viſio, & fibris increvit opimum  
 Pingue: caret culpa; nescit quid perdat: & alto  
 Demersus summa rursus non bullit in unda,  
 Magne Pater Divûm, sævos punire tyrannos  
 Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido  
 Moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno,  
 VIRTUTEM VIDEANT, INFABEScantQUE RELICTA.

The purpled Parasite, when o'er his head  
 The steely death hung trembling by a thread,  
 AVEIRO, agonizing on the wheel,  
 Felt not such horrors as the wretch must feel,  
 The gulph of vice wide-op'ning to his eyes, 55  
 "Gone! gone for ever!" to himself who cries;  
 Rack'd with remorse wastes silently within,  
 His friend, his wife, unconscious of his sin:  
 In youth's brisk season the light mind will stray;  
 Not MARO's Muse can win us from our play: 60  
 To leap, to run, to ride, is all our care;  
 Teach the pois'd paper-bird to sail in air,  
 Direct the feather'd shaft to fly: but you  
 To boyish bawbles long since bade adieu,  
 A candidate at MARG'RET's hallow'd gate, 65  
 Where the lank sons of Logic pore and prate.

---

Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra juvenci,  
 Et magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis  
 Purpureas subter cervices terruit; imus,  
 Imus præcipites, quam si sibi dicat, & intus  
 Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat uxor.

Have Tutors taught you what to seek, to shun ?  
 And is life's better task not yet begun ?  
 Is there a certain mark at which you aim ?  
 Or fickle do you follow casual game, 70  
 In the wild wantoness of childish play,  
 Without a thought but of the present day ?  
 Beneath the pale puffed skin when waters spread,  
 Ev'n HEBERDEN despairing shakes his head ;  
 But gives one golden precept for his fees : 75  
 CHECK IN IT'S FIRST APPROACHES A DISEASE.

Rise, Wretches ! rise ! to Wisdom's voice attend :  
 Man's nature learn ; his Being's use and end :  
 What conduct Truth prescribes ; with that sure  
 guide

To stem by wary windings life's rough tide : 80  
 Learn to wish well ; set bounds to gain ; and know  
 What real use a guinea can bestow :

VER. 77.]

Discite, o miseri, & causas cognoscite rerum ;  
 Quid sumus, & quidnam victuri gignimur, ordo  
 Quis datus, aut metæ quam mollis flexus, & unde.  
 Quis modus argento : quid fas optare ; quid asper  
 Utile nummus habet : patriæ, carisque propinquis  
 With

With SAVILE's large, yet temper'd, bounty spend;  
 Now let your Country share, and now your friend:  
 Maintain your rank, whatever rank be giv'n; 85  
 Nor thou presumptuous brave the laws of Heav'n:  
 Repine not, tho' some base-born Tool of state  
 By \* \* 's whim, or policy, grow great;  
 A son of MARS, proud, beggarly, and bold,  
 Drain in ten years a Province of her gold. 94  
 Startled at sounds like these some jockey Peer;  
 Some blust'ring Col'nel, strait assaults my ear.  
 " Give me plain common sense, I ask no more:  
 " O'er musty records let the pale Earl pore;  
 " The Baronet a court's gay circle flight 95  
 " For the pure pleasures of an Attic night;  
 " Turn from a Nymph of Quality to speak  
 " To some puffed pedant, bristled o'er with Greek;

Quantum elargiri deceat: quem te Deus esse  
 Jussit, & humana qua parte locatus es in re.  
 Disce, nec invidere &c.—

VER. 91.]

Hic aliquis de gente hireola Centurionum  
 Dicat: Quod sapio, satis est mihi: non ego curō  
 Esse, quod Arcefilas, arumnosque Solones,  
 Obscuro capite, & aegrotos lumine terram.

VER. 98.]

Tout hérité de Grec. BOILLAU, Sat. IV.

" Or join a gloomy Theologue in walk,  
 " And of dark myst'ries divinely talk? 100  
 " Is it for this they wake, look wan; and steal,  
 " Hem'd round with folios, a cold scanty meal,  
 " Of leering lords the taunts condemn'd to bear,  
 " The Belle's shrill titter, and the Squire's broad  
 " stare."

' Feel, feel my pulse, dear Doctor!' in his bed 105  
 To CRATERUS thus APICIO sick'ning said:  
 ' I burn, I thirst: how parcht my palate, see!  
 ' A feast, alas! is now no feast to me.'  
 The Doctor nods, examines, gives advice;  
 Success soon follow'd, tho' the case was nice. 110  
 APICIO now his lick'rish clubs declines;  
 With caution takes his glass, with caution dines:  
 When in ill hour QUIN's footman at the door:  
 A turtle at PONTACK's precise at four —  
 He yields, some minutes with himself at strife; 115  
 For who can bear to be a slave thro' life?  
 Thoughtless he crams, he swills: reels home with  
 pain:  
 The Doctor call'd pronounces phyfic vain —

---

VER. 101.]

Hoc est quod palles? cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?  
 His Populus ridet, multumque torosa juvenus  
 Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.

" Six t

" Sir ! you may spare the trouble to apply :  
 " No Glutton bloated with disease am I ; 120  
 " No thirst ; no heat"—allow'd ; but shall I find  
 Not one suspicious symptom in your mind ?  
 From LELIA's eye when luscious glances dart,  
 Feel you no throb, no flutter, in your heart ?  
 When PRATT with maces, seal, and train sweeps  
 by, 125  
 Heaves not base Envy in your breast a sigh ?  
 Should Chance present a danger to your sight,  
 Your loose limbs tremble ; Fear unmans you quite :  
 Your temper touch'd, how sudden you take fire ?  
 Your red eyes sparkle ; your blood boils with ire ; 130  
 While lasts the fit, your words, your actions show  
 You need the roughest rigors of MONRO.

VER. 119.]

Tange, miser, venas, & pone in pectore dextram ;  
 Nil calet hic — visa est si forte pecunia, sive  
 Candida vicini subrisit molle puella,  
 Cor tibi rite salit ?  
 Alges, cum excussit membris timor albus aristas.  
 Nunc face supposita fervescit sanguis, & ira  
 Scintillant oculi : dicisque facisque, quod ipse  
 Non sani esse hominis non sanus juret Orestes.

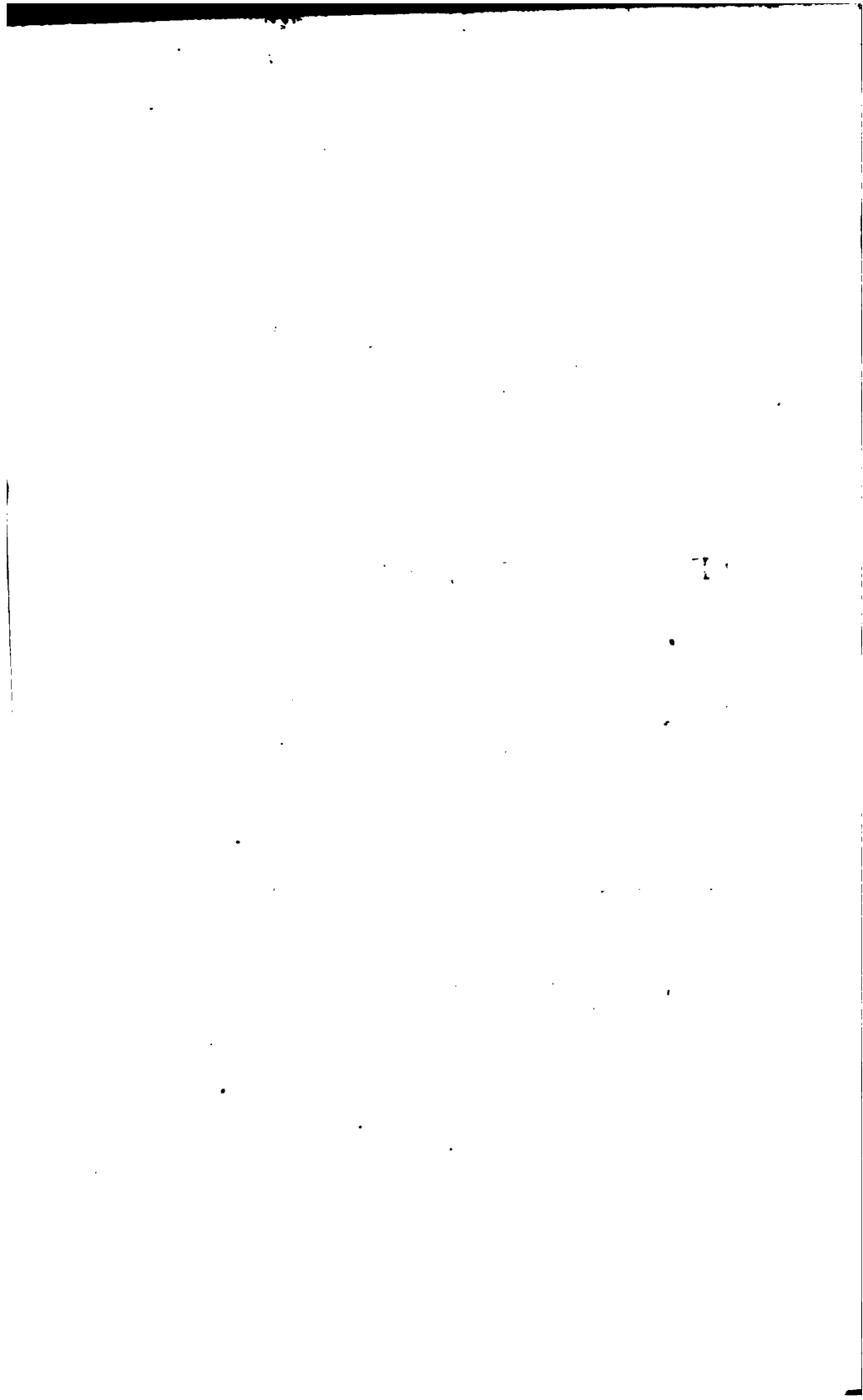


**THE**  
**FOURTH SATIRE.**

**I M I T A T E D.**

**F 4**





# S A T I R E

## IV.

**T**HE public councils do you wish to sway?  
(Suppose 'Pym's patriot form should rise,  
and say :)

Some Churl may ask on what you build your  
claim,

Just not a minor, and unknown to fame :

Superior parts, discernment in affairs, 5

In the rare few outstrips the growth of hairs :

---

VER. 1.]

Rem Populi tracas ? barbatum hæc crede magistrum  
Dicere. —

VER. 5.]

Scilicet ingenium, & rerum prudentia velox  
Ante pilos venit.

4

In

In you the Statist's last best art we find,  
 When to conceal, and when to speak the mind.  
 Should a bold demagogue the rabble fire  
 To vent at some proud minister their ire, 10  
 The silent rhetoric of your eyes and hand  
 More than ten maces stillness shall command.  
 When in St. Stephen's Party points her stings,  
 And the whole House with keen invectives rings,  
 If you but rise, two words will have more pow'r 15  
 To calm all heats, than roarings, to the tow'r !  
 So well you weigh the merits of each side,  
 With nicer skill not MUCIO could decide.  
 Tho' this some warm admirers may pretend,  
 Hear one, who is, and would be thought your  
 friend. 20  
 Cease then, while yet a youth, by name to hail  
 Each dirty Voter, fawn, and wag the tail ;

VER. 7.]

———— *Dicenda tacendaque calles*  
*Ergo ubi commota fervet plebecula bile,*  
*Fert animus calidæ fecisse silentia turbæ*  
*Majestate manâs.*

VER. 21.]

*Quin tu igitur summa nequicquam pelle decorus*  
*Ante diem blando caudam jactare popello*  
*Definis; —*

Or,

Or, as you pass, with hands uprais'd to pour  
 On the maz'd multitude a silv'ry show'r.  
 Let CLEON's heir, agog for public praise,      25  
 Fell all his woods to purchase rank huzzas;  
 Yet Wisdom more the noble youth approves  
 Who bows to Truth in Granta's hallow'd groves.  
 Tell me, what joys have charms for CLEON's heir?  
 To dress, to dance, to flutter with the fair,      30  
 Or feed for some fond Minx a lawless flame:  
 Is there a footman would not do the same?  
 The Marquis vaunts his scutcheon, and displays  
 A roll of statish-fires from RUFUS' days:  
 Can I but smile, when the first Hind I see      35  
 Is just as sound a Senator as he?  
 To pry in others frailties all how prone!  
 But who once deigns to peep into his own?  
 Of grave VEDICTUS drop a word; you hear;  
 "VEDICTUS!" strait re-echoed with a sneer;      40  
 "He in revenue who is lord of more  
 Than of some Northern Nobles half a score:"

VER. 37.]

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere; nemo:  
 Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo!

"VED-

“ VEDICTUS ! of all wretches sure the worst,  
“ By his defrauded Genius daily curst :  
“ He, who on solemn seasons stale port sips, 45  
“ Or with presented cider wets his lips ;  
“ Sets up to sale his pigeons and his deer,  
“ And lives on rooks and mutton thro’ the year.”

Peace ! at your elbow one I see, who knows  
Your fouler faults, and itches to expose ; 50  
Your wiles, your arts, that have so oft betray’d  
The rich raw heir, and unsuspecting maid.  
Blows thus we give and take ; with mutual strife  
Wounding and wounded : Such the lot of life.  
Nor dream your character eludes the sight, 55  
Tho’ trick’d and tinsel’d by a mien polite :  
Yet, Sir ! proceed ; assume what part you will ;  
With MARVELL’s virtue blend a BURGHLEY’s  
skill ;

Go ! with all WHARTON’s follies, ST. JOHN’s  
crimes,

Shine, if you can, the SULLY of the times. 60  
‘ When grateful Pæans in my praise I hear  
‘ From Court and City shall I stop my ear ?’  
On AMORET if you cast a lick’rish eye ;  
If for another’s beauteous Wife you sigh ;  
Or, when against the Fav’rite you declaim, 65  
If a blue string or title be your aim ;

With

With cheap applause you sooth your ear in vain :  
Praise, foreign praise, the mob's low gift disdain &  
To your own breast retire ; search that with care,  
And blush to find what furniture is there. 70

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VER. 68.]

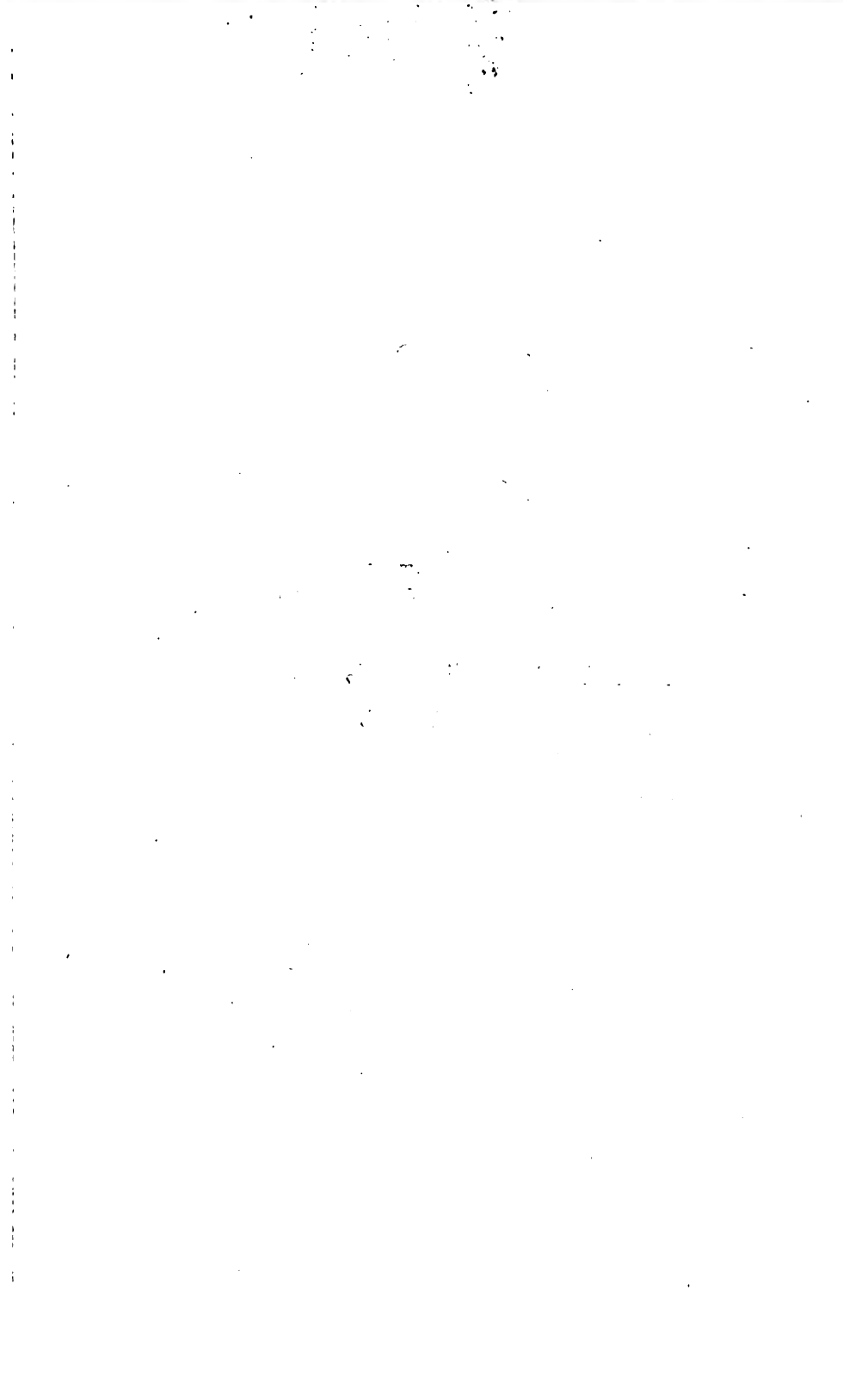
Respue, quod non es : tollat sua munera cerdo :  
TECUM HABITA, & noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

THE



**THE**  
**FIFTH SATIRE**  
**IMITATED.**





S A T I R E

V.

**O** FOR an hundred mouths, an hundred  
tongues,

A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs !

Such is the Poet's prayer from HOMER's days

To the fine Fabler in ELIZA's praise.

‘ Agreed : but tell me, what's this pompous verse, 5

‘ That asks powers more than human to rehearse ?

‘ Let Fancy's fav'rites, gifted Bards, who sing

‘ The deeds of conqu'ring Chief, or Patriot King,

---

VER. 1.]

Vatibus hic mos est, centum sibi poscere voces,

Centum ora, & linguas optare in carmina centum.

G

‘ Or

‘ Or veil in allegory dark their theme,  
‘ On Pindus’ misty summit doze and dream : 10  
‘ Your modest Muse affects not flights like these ;  
‘ Content to teach with dignity and ease ,  
‘ To touch the tainted manners of the times,  
‘ And playful rally fools in honest rhymes.  
‘ Be this your praise : nor e’er this praise resign, 15  
‘ In the first class of fustian fops to shine.’

Think not, I toil with figures forc’d and vain  
To swell the bubble of an empty strain :  
No ; ’tis to you I speak ; to you sincere  
I trust my secret soul without a fear, 20  
Mov’d by the Muse : pleas’d let me shew, what  
part  
You share (with pride I tell it) of my heart ;

---

VER. 11.]

Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus acri,  
Ore teres modico, pallentès radere mores  
Doctus, & ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.

VER. 17.]

Non equidem hoc studeo bullatis ut mihi nugis  
Pagina turgescat. —  
Secreti loquimur : tibi nunc, hortante Camæna,  
Excutienda damus præcordia ; quantaque nostræ  
Pars tua sit, Cornute, animæ tibi, dulcis amice,  
Ostendisse juvat.

You,

You, who distinguish with quick-judging sense  
 Truth's bullion from the tinsel of pretence :  
 With this intent I urg'd the bold request,      25  
 To tell, how deep you're rooted in my breast,  
 To paint in words, what words can scarce declare,  
 The full and friendly feelings latent there.  
 When first in Granta's groves I dropt with joy  
 For cap and gown the bawbles of the boy ;      30  
 When, as each vanity my wonder drew,  
 Wand'ring and wild from this to that I flew ;  
 When Error, dubious of life's better way,  
 In devious paths leads giddy minds astray ;  
 'Twas then I saw you, saw a friend, a guide,      35  
 Form'd to instruct without th' instructor's pride,  
 To hint a fault without the Censor's tone,  
 And win with counsel, that seem'd half my own.

VER. 33.]

Cumque iter ambiguum est, & vitæ nescius Error  
 Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes :  
 Me tibi supposui : teneros tu fuscipis annos  
 Socratico, Cornute, sinu.

G 2

Yes ;

Yes ; I remember oft, how many a day  
 In moral converse past improv'd away, 40  
 Whether we saunter'd in some shaded walk,  
 Or at the social hearth prolong'd our talk.  
 Leisure, or study, just to both the same ;  
 Our minds so pair'd, we vary'd but in name.  
 Yet diff'rent objects diff'rent humours strike ; 45  
 In taste, pursuit, what two were e'er alike ?  
 Driv'n by the God of Gold this boldly braves  
 All PHOEBUS' fervors, and all NEPTUNE's waves ;  
 That, purpled o'er with turtle and champagne,  
 Battens at ease, and laughs at slaves of gain : 50  
 From youth to age on cards another dotes ;  
 To VENUS this his services devotes ;

VER. 39.]

Tecum enim memini longos consumere soles,  
 Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes :  
 Unum opus, & requiem pariter disponimus ambo ;  
 Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.

VER. 49.]

Hic satur irriguo mavult turgescere somno ;  
 — hunc alea decoquit, ille  
 In venerem putret : sed cum lapidosa chiragra

Till,

Till, frail and flutt'ring, left of limbs and eyes,  
 Health, gift of Temperance, he learns to prize,  
 Reflects with horror on each rank offence,      55  
 And late regrets the loss of innocence.  
 While selfish arts and sensual joys prevail,  
 With painful vigils you, my HURD ! grow pale ;  
 Or with an eloquence, no fears confine,  
 Enforce the precepts of the page divine.      60  
 Here learn, ye young, your longings to assuage !  
 Here seek, ye old, a lenitive for age !  
 Yet vain advice ; all, studious of delay,  
 (Who can refuse them ?) ask the following day ;  
 The morrow come that instant is no more ;      65  
 Yet still they crave indulgence as before :

---

Fregerit articulos veteris ramalia fagi,  
 Tum crassos transisse dies lucemque palustrem,  
 Et sibi jam feri vitam ingemuere relictam.  
 At te nocturnis juvat impallescere chartis :  
 Cultor enim es juvenum, purgatas inferis aures  
 Fruge Cleantheâ. petite hinc, juvenesque, senesque,  
 Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.  
 Cras hoc fiet. —

Day urges day ; their grasp the morrow shuns,  
 Like the first wheel beneath the beam that runs ;  
 The wheel behind pursues with equal haste ;  
 In vain ; the foremost flies away as fast. 70  
 What can ensure the present day our own ?  
 Reason replies, 'tis LIBERTY alone.  
 Not that which BALBUS for his hirelings buys,  
 When of some borough he contests the prize ;  
 Not that, which gladden'd \* \* 's graceless heir, 75  
 When the Law loos'd him from his Guardian's care :  
 Thro' School, thro' College, rapidly he ran ;  
 To Cheats, to Whores, a Vassal, ere a Man.  
 Trick'd with each folly, blacken'd with each vice,  
 The Rake starts up his Worship in a trice : 80  
 The list'ning Quorum his decisions awe ;  
 His Worship hears ; his Worship gives the law ;

---

VER. 68.]

Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno  
 Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,  
 Cum rota posterior curras, & in axe secundo.  
 Libertatę opus est.

VER. 80.]

— Memento turbinis exit

Marcus Dama. Papæ ! Marco spondente recusās  
 His

His Worship's exigencies need a sum ;  
 Dare you demur ? his word outweighs a plum :  
 This, this is freedom, the pure gift of pelf : 85  
 " Is he not free, who's master of himself ?"  
 Granted ; not ROUSSEAU more. " Look then on  
     " me ;  
 " I'm Master of myself, and therefore free."  
 Freedom, my friend, you sagely have defin'd ;  
 But in your postulate a flaw I find. 90  
 " Say ! since I reach'd my one and twentieth year,  
 " Breaths there, whose churlish counsels I should  
     " fear ?  
 " Censors and censures I alike disown ;  
 " Or if restrain'd, restrain'd by law alone."  
 Sir, drop your nostril's ire, while I impart 95  
 Truths, that may tear the mother from your heart.  
 Decrees of Chanc'ry never could dispense  
 To sots sobriety, to blockheads sense :

*Credere tu nummos ? Marco sub judice palles ?*

*Marcus dixit ; ita est. —*

*Hæc mera libertas : hoc nobis pilea donant.*

VER. 91.]

*Vindicta postquam meus a Prætorē recessi,  
 Cur mihi non liceat jussit quodcunque voluntas,  
 Excepto si quid Mafuri rubrica vetavit ?  
 Disce ; sed ira cadat naso, rugosæque fanna,  
 Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*

G 4

Sooner



Sooner expect MANZOLI's melting note  
 From the coarse channel of a deep base throat, 100  
 Or a tame fool, that lolls in HANDEL's chair,  
 To catch all HANDEL's spirit, HANDEL's air :  
 In vain weak Ign'rance would her bounds exceed ;  
 So Common Sense and Nature have decreed.  
 What if a Cobler, recent from the stall, 105  
 Were rais'd by grace to plead in RUFUS' hall ;  
 Would not the Lawyers swear the man was mad ;  
 Or deem, who brought him to the bar, as bad ?  
 Tell me, have you by Wisdom's rules been bred  
 With steady step life's slipp'ry paths to tread ? 110  
 Falschhood's disguises have you skill to know ?  
 What solid worth, what superficial show ?

---

VER. 99.]

Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto.  
 Publica lex hominum naturaue continet hoc fas,  
 Ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.

VER. 105.]

Navem si poscat sibi peronatus arator  
 Luciferi rudis ; exclamet Melicerta, perisse  
 Frontem de rebus. Tibi recto vivere talo  
 Ars dedit ? & veri speciem dignoscere calles,  
 Ne qua subærato mendosum tinniat auro.

Approve

Approve you all Truth dictates to be done ;  
 And set a brand on what you ought to shun ?  
 Ask you no more than just what Fortune sends, 115  
 Ev'n with a pittance lib'ral to your friends ;  
 At one time willing to reserve your store ;  
 Glad at another to throw wide your door,  
 In the dark dirt of gain nor bury'd deep,  
 Nor yet agog to squander all your heap ? 120  
 Be fair, and say, " All this is in my pow'r ;"  
 I grant your claim to freedom from that hour.  
 Yet, Sir, since lately you were much inclin'd  
 To failings, incident to human kind,  
 If in some vapid corner of your breast 125  
 You harbour still a certain wily guest,

---

Quæque sequenda forent, quæque evitanda vicissim,  
 Illa prius creta, mox hæc carbone notâsti ?  
 Es modicus voti ; pressô lare, dulcis amicis :  
 Jam nunc astringas, jam nunc granaria laxes ?  
 Hæc mea sunt, teneo, cum vere dixeris ; esto  
 Liberque ac sapiens, Prætoribus ac Jove dextro.  
 Sin tu, cum fueris nostræ paulo ante farinæ,  
 Pelliculam veterem retines, & fronte politus  
 Astutam vapido servas sub pectore vulpem :

Tho'

Tho' decencies politely well you save,  
 I ftrait retract the liberty I gave.  
 If not betime you put yourself to school,  
 Do what you list, you're sure to play the fool. 130  
 What shallow Coxcomb with his wealth e'er bought  
 The blessing of one reasonable thought ?  
 The clown that gamesome gambols at the wake,  
 With MARCEL's motion not two steps can take.  
 Dar'ft thou of Liberty usurp the name ? 135  
 Slave as thou art, say, whence thy vaunted claim ?  
 'Tis true, no father's menaces you fear ;  
 No Guardian thunders precepts in your ear :  
 Ask you, what other tyrants can control ?  
 Other ? yes, worse ; the tyrants of the soul. 140

---

Quæ dederam supra repeto, funemque reduco.  
 Ni tibi concessit ratio, digitum exere, peccas.  
 Et quid tam parvum est ? sed nullo thure litabis,  
 Hæreat in stultis brevis ut semuncia recti.  
 Hæc miscere nefas : nec cum sis cætera fossor,  
 Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri moveare Bathylli.  
 Liber ego. unde datum hoc sumis tot subdite rebus ?  
 An dominum ignoras, nisi quem vindicta relaxat ?

VER. 134.]

MARCEL ; a late eminent Master of a dancing-school  
 in Paris.

• Fic !

' Fie ! fie ! so late a-bed ! rise, sluggard, rise !'  
 (Close at your pillow Avarice stands, and cries :)  
 ' Up ! up ! see \* , obedient to my call,  
 Mad for more millions, scorches at Bengal. 144  
 Hence then ; for gems, for gold, go ! ransack mines :  
 O'er seas bring brandies, spices, silks, and wines :  
 To swell your store each wary method try ;  
 As Int'rest gives command, affirm, deny :  
 Adieu to Conscience ! for who dreads that curse  
 Must sit contented with an empty purse.' 150  
 You rise, you form your plan ; a ship in haste  
 Is hir'd to waft you o'er the watry waste ;  
 Provisions heav'd aboard : and now the gales  
 Prompt you to seize the deep with spreading sails :  
 When ready Luxury drops words like these : 155  
 ' Where run you, Sir ? why rashly risk your ease ?

VER. 141.]

Mane piger stertis ; Surge, inquit Avaritia ; eja  
 Surge. negas. Instat, Surge, inquit : Non queo. surge.  
 Et quid agam ? Rogitas ? Saperdas advehe Ponto —  
 Verte aliquid ; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet : cheu  
 Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum  
 Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.

VER. 156.]

— Quo deinde, insane, ruis ? quo ?

You

You the long labours of the seas endure !  
 Frenzy, beyond a BATTLE's skill to cure !  
 Fool ! what can tempt you winds and waves to  
     dare,  
 To breath rank dews, to parch on salted fare ; 160  
 What, but the wish, that fums, which now are  
     lent  
 At four, or five, may sweat out cent per cent ?  
 Come ! come ! the present moments learn to prize ;  
 Life's hour is short ; ev'n while I speak, it flies :  
 A clod, a ghost, a name thou soon shalt be ; 165  
 Consider then ; and snatch life's joys with me.  
 What will you do, a bait on either side ?  
 Tell me, the pref'rence how will you decide ?

---

Quid tibi vis ? calido sub pectore mascula bilis  
 Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.  
 Tun' mare transilias ? tibi torta cannabæ fulto  
 Cæna sit in transtro, vejentanumque rubellum  
 Exhalet vapida læsum pice sessilis obba ?  
 Quid petis ? ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto  
 Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces ?  
 Indulge genio, carpamus dulcia : nostrum est,  
 Quod vivis : cinis, & mânes, & fabula fies.  
 Vive memor leti : fugit hora ; hoc, quod loquor,  
     inde est.

One

One point is clear, a master you must have;  
 Now to this tyrant, now to that a slave: 170  
 Nor, tho' you steadily shall once withstand  
 Their urgent mandates, deem, you've burst your  
 band :

The Cur, escap'd his prison, flies in vain,  
 While at his neck he trails a length of chain.  
 ' I'll bear no more ;' (thus high-born MILO raves,  
 When added settlements his mistress craves, 176  
 Or when some Gallant, at her toilet seen,  
 Ruffles his Lordship with a fit of spleen :)  
 ' Return ! forgive ! it never shall be said  
 MILO was vassal to a jilting jade, 180  
 Or on his family entail'd disgrace,  
 The first tame fool of an illustrious race :  
 At a mad Minx's door to wait and whine  
 I leave to Cullies of plebeian line.'

VER. 171.]

Nec tu, cum obliteris semel, instantique negaris  
 Parere imperio, rupi jam vincula dicas.  
 Nam & luctata canis nodum abripit: attamen illi,  
 Cum fugit, a collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.

Let

Let this imperious jilt that very night 185  
 Scrawl two kind words, behold him soften'd quite :  
 ' Not go ? not see her ? ' you strait hear him say,  
 Just like the sniv'ling Doter in the play :  
 ' When of her own accord she fends and sues ?  
 'Twould ask a stoic sternness to refuse.' 190

What think ye of his claim to self-command,  
 Who sells his forests, mortgages his land,  
 With fatted oxen and with butts of beer  
 To burst his venal voters thrice a year ;  
 Huzzaing thousands daily round him draws, 195  
 Prick'd with the itch of popular applause !  
 Or is the Peer more master of himself,  
 Who at set times, for pleasure or for pelf,  
 Vouchsafes, Britannia's councils at a stand,  
 To join the grooms and gamblers of the land, 200  
 With jockeys shares the turf's illusive praise,  
 Or thrids with sharpers whist's perplexing maze ?

VER. 191.]

Jus habet ille sui palpo, quem ducit hiantem  
 Cretata Ambitio ? vigila, & ciceringere large  
 Rixanti populo.

VER. 197.] The Devotee in the text is displaced  
 to make room for the NEWMARKET PEER ; a substitution  
 which needs no comment.

( III )

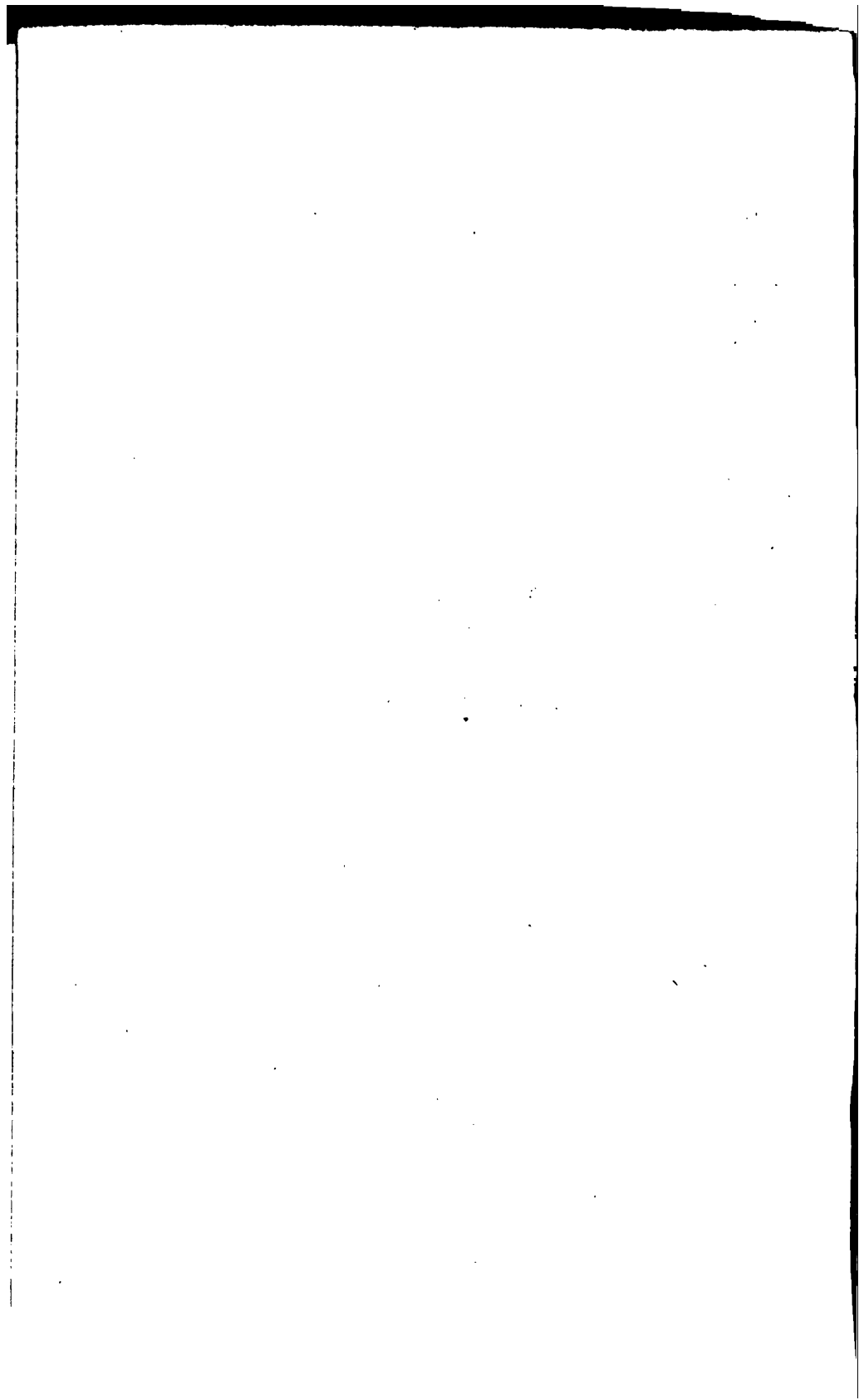
- ‘ Dear Sir ! your doctrine is sublimely rare ;
  - ‘ But should you vent it in Newmarket air,
  - ‘ Some big-bon’d booby, some red-coated Afs 205
  - ‘ Would bellow a loud laugh from lungs of brafs,
  - ‘ And swear one HOYLE more solid science shows,
  - ‘ Than a whole regiment of rough ROUSSEAU’s.’
- 

VER. 204.]

Dixeris hæc inter varicosos Centuriones,  
Continuo crassum ridet Vulfenius ingens,  
Et centum Græcos curto centusse licetur.

THE





THE  
SIXTH SATIRE  
IMITATED.

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## S A T I R E

## VI.

**M**Y Friend! has Winter warn'd you to re-  
treat

From airy \* \* to your own low seat?

Still do you dote on deeds of Elfin age,

And muse and moralize o'er Fiction's page;

Or, nobly fir'd the tender times to mend, 5

Do you to Virtue some new gift intend,

You, who can make the darkest doctrines clear,

And urge with delicacy truths severe?

---

VER. 1.]

Admovit jam bruma foco te, Basse, Sabino?

H 2

To

To me a snug retirement Granta yields,  
 Where mists glide milky o'er Cam's fenny fields,  
 Once printed by the footing of the feet 11  
 Of our new CHAUCER by infusion sweet.  
 Here much at ease I live, without a care  
 Of courtly changes, that make some folks stare;  
 Nor do I heave one sigh, when Fortune brings  
 Flatt'ers and fools to Ministers and Kings; 16  
 When Knights corrupt are pension'd for their pains,  
 Or when a meddling Priest a mitre gains.  
 A selfish saving Wretch of mean degree  
 Dies worth a million: what is that to me? 20  
 My meals shall be just as you see them now,  
 Nor shall thought add a wrinkle to my brow.

VER. 11.]

"Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete  
 Of thine own spirit, which doth in me survive,  
 I follow here the footing of thy feete,  
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete."  
 SPENSER's address to the spirit of CHAUCER.

F. Q. B. IV. C. II. S. xxxiv.

VER. 19.]

— Et si adeo omnes

Ditescant orti peioribus, usque recusem  
 Curvus ob id minui senio, aut cœnare sine uncto.

Some

Some may dislike these tenets : Twins, we find,  
 (So wills the Genius) feldom of a mind.  
 This on dry roots at home is pleas'd to pine, 25  
 And but at others' cost vouchsafes to dine ;  
 That, large of soul, and exquisite of taste,  
 Licks up a manor in one rich repast.  
 Yes, Sir ! whate'er you think, my own I'll spend,  
 My hand and heart still open to a friend ; 30  
 Not quite so frantic in a year or two  
 To fall, like \* , a victim to virtù,  
 Nor, as some Fops, so prodigally vain,  
 To glut my guests with wheatears and champagne,  
 Learn by your heap to balance your expence ; 35  
 Spare not ; and leave the rest to Providence.  
 " Forbid it, Charity ! " — One asks your aid,  
 One, whom Benevolence has bankrupt made :

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VIR. 23.]

Discrepet his alius. Geminos, Horoscope, varo  
 Producis genio. Solis natalibus, est qui  
 Tingat olus ficcum muria vaser in'calice empta,  
 Ipse sacrum irrorans patinæ piper : hic bona dente  
 Grandia magnanimus peragit puer. utar ego, utar,  
 Nec rhombos ideo libertis ponere lautus,  
 Nec tenuem follers turdarum nosse salivam,

H 3

Pity !

Pity! a man of such rare worth should fall: . . .

Ah! weigh the ruthless rigors of a jail, 40

Come! come! be bounteous; send him a supply—

“What! that my heir may curse me, when I die, . . .

“By vulgar rites disgrac’d: no blazon’d herse;

“No marble built; no monumental verse?” . . .

BESTIUS, too anxious for a near estate, 45

Vents on a French Metropolis his hate:

Such is the plague, since pamper’d peers brought  
o’er

The *savoir vivre* from a neighbour shore:

Rough Yorkshire Squires, plain rural Rectors choose

Their soups, their essences, and rank ragouts. 50

POLLIO, you cry, is splendidly profuse:

Yet place and figure plead a fair excuse.

What if his Lordship on some grand court-day,

Loyal and liberal, to his heir should say:

VER. 47.]

— Bestius urget

Doctores Graios, ita fit, postquam sapere urbi

Cum pipere & palmis venit nostrum hoc maris ex-  
pers,

Fœniscæ crasso vitiantur unguine pulcra.

‘ Sir! of my zeal to give a public mark, 55  
 I treat the town with fireworks in the park;  
 To-morrow my great friends at \* \* dine;  
 At night a ball — how, Sir! do you repine?  
 You think perhaps these costs he ill can bear,  
 Whom Caution counsels not to spend but spare: 60  
 Speak out: or, rightly if I read your mind,  
 You slight the trifle I may leave behind:  
 Well then; adieu poor prejudice of birth!  
 I’ll ev’n adopt some Cit, or son of Earth.  
 Inheritance is gain: why then inquire 65  
 Where are the lands bequeath’d me by my sire,  
 The woods, the manors; or eternal quote  
 The saving saws dull dotards cant by rote:  
 ‘ On int’rest int’rest heap; spend that, my son!  
 ‘ Touch once the principal, and you’re un-  
     ‘ done?’ 70  
 What will be left? — left, Sir! — now, now I’ll  
     live;  
 Now taste the blessings rank and riches give.  
 Shall I, another \* \*, round the year  
 Mope in a moated mansion, dark and drear,  
 Raising vast sums, when I’m laid low in dust, 75  
 To swell a madman’s luxury or lust?  
 Or how shall I fet limits to my store?  
 A plum — a million — say a million more —  
On 1

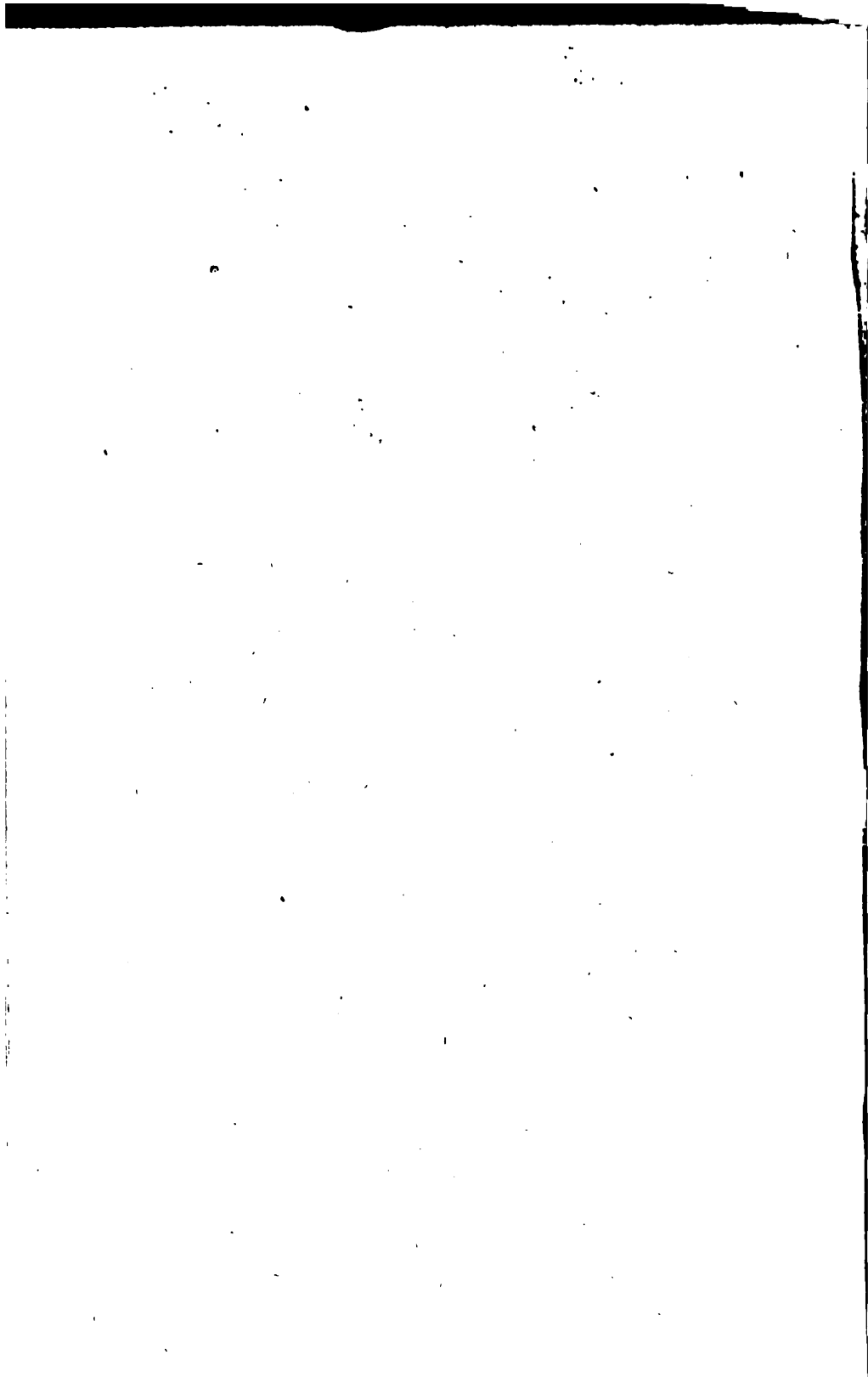


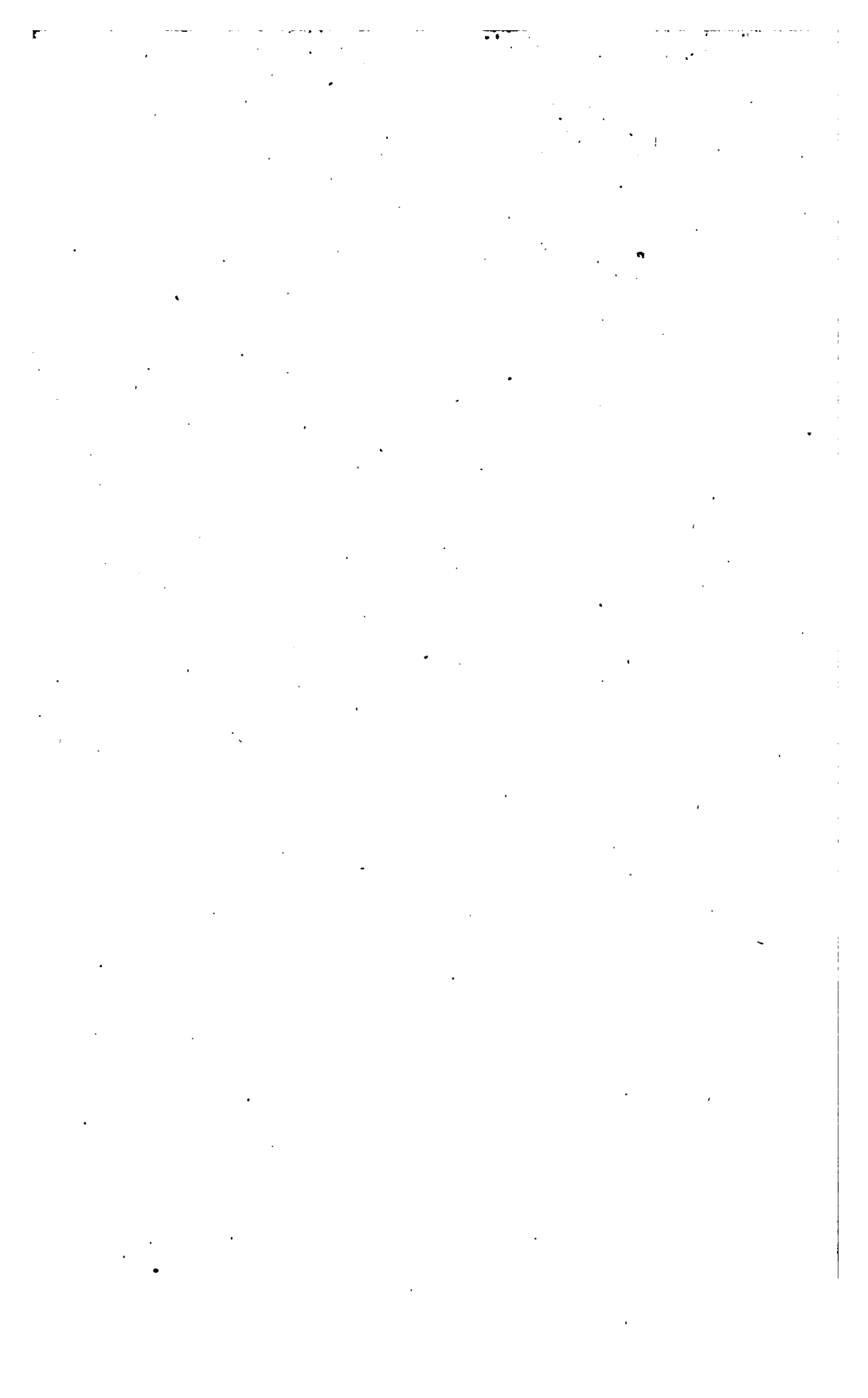
( 120 )

On! on!—alas! not ev'n CHRYSIPPUS' self,  
Were he alive, could bound the wish for pelf.' 80

F I N I S.

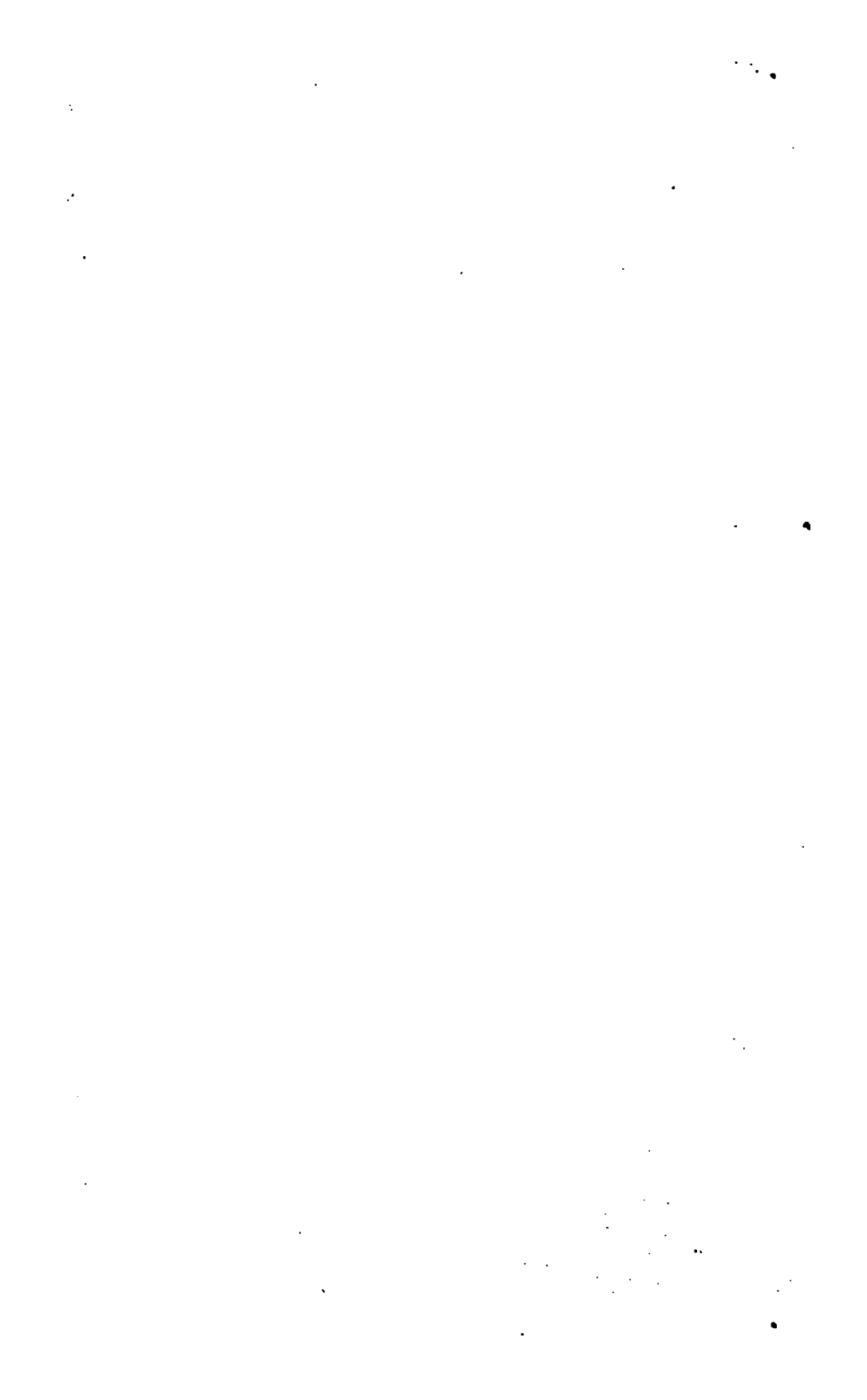








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